

MAY 9, 1912

PRICE 10 CENTS

MAY 8 1912



Leslie's

THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY



BIRDMEN

EVOLUTION OF THE AEROPLANE

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO., N. Y.

THE CHARLES SCHWEITZER PUBLISHING CO.

OVER 350,000 COPIES THE ISSUE

Are You Talking About It Too?



This is what a few of Leslie's readers have to say about advertised goods

From Missouri

A man from Missouri says:

"I AM 'from Missouri.' Most of the goods I use I have seen advertised. You see the results others have had, then you try them yourself."



"Unadvertised goods have no one to sing their praises."

"We all want to be up-to-date, so when we see anything advertised, and hear others speaking about it,

naturally we want to 'get next.'"

"Most people let others think for them. They need some kind of a sign to tell them to wake up, and see what is for their best welfare."

"The function of advertising is to first create attention of the public to an article and then convince them that they need it."

"Advertisers can't see us personally, so they do the next best thing—appeal to the reason, through the sense of sight."

Satisfaction

A Massachusetts lady says:

"I FIND that I get better satisfaction and a better grade of goods by buying all well advertised articles, because all goods well advertised must be of good quality."



"No matter how well an article is advertised, if it has not the quality, it will only sell a short time or until people have used it once."

Then they will say 'Never again.'"

Quality Maintained

This single sentence comes from Philadelphia:

"In order to sustain the demand, the quality must be maintained."

A Hoosier



A gentleman from Indiana expresses himself thus:

"WE believe in advertised goods. We believe we have a right to question unadvertised goods. And we believe advertising does not increase the cost of goods—but lessens it—through the cheapness of production, made possible by greater output."

Always Reliable



A Chicago lady writes:

"I HAVE found from experience articles widely advertised are of better quality and sold by more reliable dealers than unadvertised articles."

Easily Answered

A line or two from Buffalo as follows:

"THE question of advertised and unadvertised goods is one easily answered. At least 95 per cent. of advertised goods are as represented and are satisfactory. Unadvertised goods seldom reach me, as I generally specify the brand or kind I desire. This has become the custom of our household."

Better Quality

A letter from a lady in Buffalo reads:

"I DERIVE as much pleasure from reading the advertisements as I gain from the balance of the paper."

"I believe in the manufacturer who advertises. He is able to give better quality, more uniform goods at a lesser cost than the man who does not advertise."

"My argument is that a man could not hold the public year in and out with an inferior article—his stuff must stand up to all he has to say for it."

"I believe also where a thing can be improved the advertiser will do so and give me the benefit."

"All things equal, I would buy advertised articles if for no other reason than to give my support to the man who spends his money in publicity."

"How would I hear from a new article if it were not advertised. Time upon time my needs have been supplied through closely watching ads."



Consumer's Safeguard

A Brooklyn reader says:

"WHAT better safeguard can the consumer have than to purchase from the advertisers in standard periodicals."

"The appearance of an advertisement in such weeklies, immediately assures us of the legitimacy of the articles advertised."

"As for me, give me the standard advertised article, first, last and all the time. Let the GREEN buyer do the testing with the 'JUST AS GOOD.'"



Won't you tell me what you think of advertised goods?

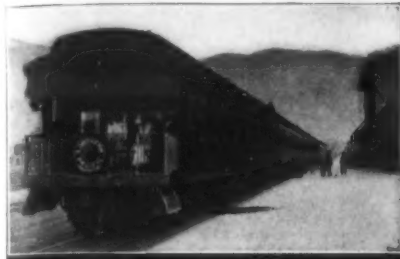
Allan C. Hoffman

B 273493
MAY NINTH, 1912

Go With
the Elks to
Portland
Oregon



Via
Northern Pacific Ry
Special parties being organized for the trip, taking
in
Yellowstone Park
enroute, via the only line to the Official Entrance.
Elks Excursion Rates, June 27 to July 5. Write
for details. Enclose 6c for
"Through Wonderland"—most
beautiful book on Yellowstone
Park ever published. Address
A. M. CLELAND, G. P. A.
Northern Pacific Railway
St. Paul



See Foreign
America
First
12 DAY \$60.00 UP
VACATION
CRUISE

Berth and Meals Included (First Cabin)
To Halifax, Nova Scotia and St.
John's, Newfoundland, via
RED CROSS LINE

You cannot spend a more delightful and interesting
summer vacation than by taking this grand cruise to
the cool North. As truly foreign as a trip to Europe,
and costing much less. The splendid, new, large
tourist steamships "Stephano" and "Floridel," offer
every modern equipment for safety and comfort. No
hotel bills. You live on the ship, 7 days at sea. 8
days in port. Splendid cuisine. Orchestra.
Send for handsome illustrated Catalog 7
BOWRING COMPANY, 17 Battery Place, New York

**You Can Dress Well
On \$1.00 A Week**

FROM HEAD TO FOOT
Men's Fashionable Clothes and Furnishings
tailored after latest New York designs.
We will trust any honest man anywhere.
\$1.00 deposit. We guarantee a perfect fit.
Send for our samples and big catalogue of
latest fashions and furnishings free.
EXCHANGE CLOTHING CO., Est. 1885.
Largest Credit Tailors and Outfitters
19 Park Place,
through to Murray St., N. Y. City
ON CREDIT BY MAIL

HAVE YOU TRIED

**SCHULTZ
GINGER ALE**
Particularly Prepared
for Particular People
From your dealer or sent direct
CARL H. SCHULTZ
430-444 First Ave., N.Y. City

**SANDOW
MARINE ENGINE**

Built Like an Automobile Engine.
2 to 30 h. p., ready to ship; gasoline or kerosene.
Drives boats of all kinds; starts easy; cannot
backfire; almost noiseless. 5-YEAR
ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE—30-DAY
TRIAL. These moving parts—women
and children run it. Starts without crank-
ing. Demonstrate an engine for us and get
your cost. BE FIRST IN TERRITORY
TO GET OFFER. Sales plan and literature FREE. Write
Detroit Motor Car Supply Co., 35 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Send 25c. and this baby is yours



THE FAMILY JEWEL

It is such a jolly, rollicking baby—just a
look at its merry little face will drive
away the blues—you can't resist it.
An artist's colored proof on supercoated
paper will be sent to you for 25c.
Send it now—the supply is limited.
LESLIE-JUDGE CO., 225 5th Ave., New York

LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES
ALL THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"In God We Trust."

CXIV.

Thursday, May 9, 1912

No. 2957

New York Office: Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue. Western Advertising Office: Marquette
Building, Chicago, Ill.; Washington Representative, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.
Branch Subscription Offices in thirty-seven cities of the United States.

European Agents: The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, E. C.,
London, England; Saarbach's News Exchange, 16 John Street, Adelphi, London; 56 Rue de la Victoire,
Paris; 1 Clara Strasse, Mainz, Germany; Brentano's, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France.

Subscriptions and advertising for all the publications of Leslie-Judge Company will be taken at
regular rates at any of the above offices.

Persons representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S should always be asked to produce
credentials.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Subscriber's old address as well as the new must be sent in with request
for the change. Also give the numbers appearing on the right hand side of the address on the wrapper.
It takes from ten days to two weeks to make a change.

Copyright 1912, by Leslie-Judge Company, Publishers. Entered at the Post-office at New York as
Second-class Mail Matter. Cable Address, "Judgark." Telephone, 6632 Madison Square. Published
weekly by Leslie-Judge Company, Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Ave., New York. John A. Schleicher, Presi-
dent. Reuben P. Schleicher, Secretary. A. E. Rollauer, Asst. Treas.

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Republic STAGGARD Tread Tires

Republic Staggard Tread
Pat. Sept. 15-22, 1908.

The "Staggard
Tread" is the only
non-skid tire made
that combines resili-
ence in forward mo-
tion, sufficient traction
to prevent slipping on
the start or in hill
climbing, and a "safety
grip" that prevents
skidding.

The "Staggard
Tread" is the most
economical tire, not in
first cost, but in the
length of service and
satisfaction given. In-
sist on the original
non-skid patented tire.

The Republic Black-
Line RED Inner Tube
gives 100 per cent.
more riding comfort
and double the wear.
What's more, it is
heat-resisting and will
not stick to the casing.

**The Republic
Rubber Company**
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Branches and Agencies
in the Principal Cities.



In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

MON AMOUR

The Sweetheart of
Perfumes

Paul Rieger

PARIS NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

(Amelia Stone in kissing scene, "Mon Amour.")
"MON AMOUR" is a fascinating perfume. I
can enthusiastically say that it is "Un Amour de
Parfums," and shall adopt it exclusively for my
own use. Sincerely yours, Amelia Stone.
"Mon Amour," 1/4-oz. 50c, 1 oz. \$1.00 at dealers in
perfume or by mail. Send 20c for large trial size
bottle or send name of druggist for Free Sample.
PAUL RIEGER & CO., 252 1st St., San Francisco

A Cleanser and
Mouth Wash
In One



Com-
bines the
virtues of
pastes, powders,
—washes without the
faults of either.
It cleanses and polishes the
teeth without possibility of abrasion, while its
fragrant, antiseptic foam reaches every part
of the mouth, destroying pernicious bacteria,
insuring healthy gums and a sweet breath.
Comes in handy metal box—a convenient
cake that lasts for months. 25 cents at all
druggists—or sent direct.
C. H. STRONG & CO., CHICAGO

2 H. P. COMPLETE \$39

with all fittings, including pro-
peller and shafting, stuffing box,
wiring, etc., ready to install.

MARINE ENGINE
For all kinds of boats. Com-
pact, silent, reliable, low
running cost—a perfect
two-cycle reversing en-
gine. 5 years guarantee.
So simple a child can
run it. Used in Gov-
ernment Harbor Ser-
vice, and Chicago
Police Boats.
3, 4, 6 and 10 H. P.—
proportionately low
prices. Special prices to boat-
builders and agents. Big Mar-
ine Engine Book free. Station-
ary Engines 3 to 15 H. P. Catalog Free.
Northwestern Steel & Iron Works,
501 Spring Street, San Francisco, Cal.

GET YOUR SHARE

Large profits—easiest—fastest—biggest
seller on the market today. National
Self-Heating Gasoline Iron sells every-
where—town or country. Join our
force of enthusiastic agents now. No
time to lose. Complete demonstrating
outfit \$4.50. Write for the facts.
National Stamping & Electric Works
415 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Illinois

Best grade cedar canoe for \$20

We sell direct, saving you \$20.00 on a canoe. All canoes
cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and
styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog
giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are
the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.
DETROIT BOAT CO., 152 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Have You a Dog?

If so send for Polk Miller's great illus-
trated book on "DOGS." Tells how to suc-
cessfully care for them from puppyhood
to old age. Also how to secure Free Medical
Advice; it may save your dog's life. Con-
tains Senator Vest's "Eloquent Tribute
to a Dog," and the celebrated poem, "The
Yaller Dog's Love for a Nigger." This 50
cent book for 10 cents just to advertise
"Sergeant's Famous Dog Remedies."
POLK MILLER DRUG CO.,
806 E. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

LEARN AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS

Demand for our graduates as chauffeurs, automobile
salesmen and repairmen exceeds supply. We teach
8 branches of the business by mail in 13 weeks,
furnishing you employment from
which you should earn more than
enough while studying to pay for
course. Only school that loans
each student working model of
automobile while studying and
gives preparatory training for auto
factories. Write for Plan C-1.
Automobile College of Washington, Washington, D. C.

Add or Subtract—Quick!

The Basett \$1.00 adder-sub-
tractor rapid and accurate calculations
in addition and subtraction. An
invaluable aid to every business
man. Simple to operate. Capacity
\$999,999.99. Durable. Made
Quickly resets to zero. Sent Pre-
paid for \$1.00. Money returned if
not as represented. Our self in-
chine made for the price. Send your order today. Good agents wanted.
J. H. Basett & Co., Dept. 17A, 3921 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AMAZING PROFITS

IN MUSHROOMS. Anybody can add \$40 per
week to their income, in spare time, entire year
growing mushrooms in cellars, sheds, barns,
boxes, etc. I tell you where to sell at highest
prices. Free Illustrated Instruction Booklet.
HIRSH DARTON, 225 W. 42nd St., New York



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MISS HARRIET QUIMBY

America's First and Most Successful Aviatrice

Miss Harriet Quimby is pictured above in her Bleriot monoplane, accoutred for her daring flight across the English Channel. Miss Quimby was the first woman to secure a pilot's license in America, and began flying under the auspices of Leslie's Weekly, of which she is dramatic critic. She is the first woman in the world to fly unaccompanied across the English Channel. Her remarkable flight was made on April 16, and caused a world-wide sensation, as she had not intimated her purpose to attempt it. Miss Quimby left the Dover aerodrome at 5.30 A. M., and passed over that town at good speed and at a great height. She disappeared in the direction of Calais, and half an hour later was seen over Cape Gris Nez. She landed safely at Harde- lot, near Boulogne, after making two circles over that city, that showed her marvelous mastery of her machine. Next week Leslie's will publish a detailed account of this achievement written exclusively for this paper by Miss Quimby and fully illustrated.

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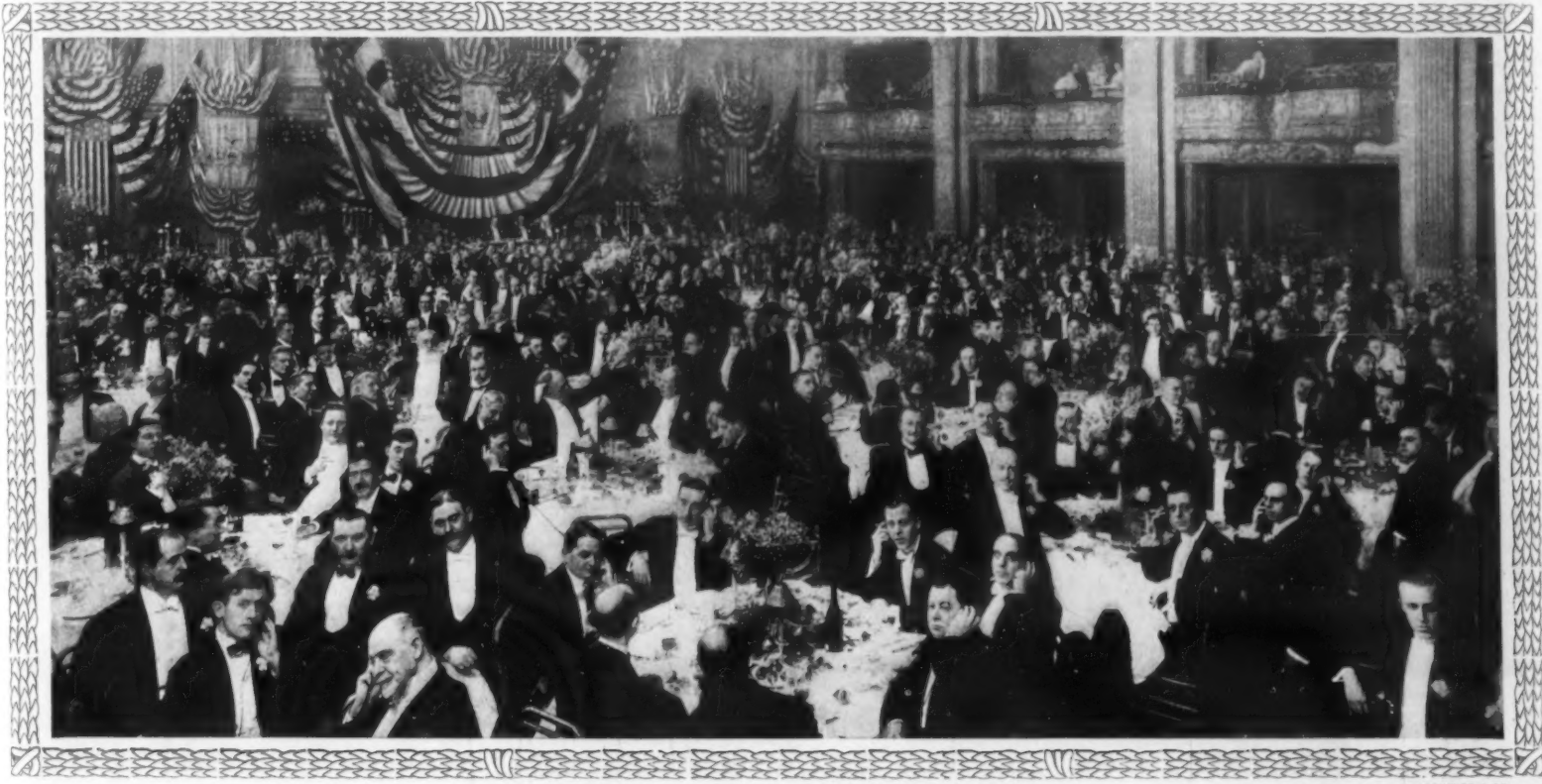
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Vol. CXIV—No. 2957

May 9, 1912

Price 10 Cents, \$5.00 a Year



THE FOURTH ESTATE AT A NOTABLE BANQUET.

Recent joint dinner of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. Over 700 newspaper men from all parts of the country were present, including many of the most prominent members of the profession. A remarkable exhibition of the serviceableness of the telephone was a feature of the occasion. All present were supplied with telephone receivers and listened to a discourse made over the telephone by President Taft, from Boston. Premier Robert L. Borden of Canada also spoke to the guests by phone from H. I. Springs, Va. Lewis Waller recited a King poem over the wire from Daly's Theater and Jose A. Collins sang a Southern song for them at the Winter Garden. The banqueters toasted Thomas A. Edison and Dr. Alexander G. Bell, whose inventions made long distance hearing possible. Congressman Victor Murdock of Kansas acted as toastmaster and excellent speeches were made in the regular way by Bruce Haldeman, President of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association; Talcott Williams, Dean of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University; President John H. Finley, of the City College, and Augustus Thomas, President of the American Dramatists' Club.

EDITORIAL

Danger of Rupture at Chicago.

ACTING CHAIRMAN ROSEWATER, of the Republican National Committee, has called the committee in session on June 4th, two weeks before the day set for the opening of the national convention. He estimates that it may take the committee two weeks to settle all the contests which will be before it, as compared with one week or less in the case of previous presidential gatherings.

Here is a portent to which Republicans all over the country should give some attention. In the number of States involved in the wrangles between rival Republican delegations and in the violence of the language used by each toward the other, the situation is unprecedented. Accusations are made by each against the other which would seem to prevent many of the partisans from supporting the successful seeker of the nomination.

A peculiarly sinister aspect is given to the contest by the personalities which have passed between Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft. The assaults and the counter assaults that have taken place between them give a turn to the canvass which imperils Republican unity. Several bolts—in 1864, 1872, 1884 and 1896—have taken place in the Republican party, that of 1884 defeating Blaine and placing Cleveland in the presidency. But neither in that split nor in any of the others was any such hatred shown by one faction toward the other as is displayed in the present feud.

It must be borne in mind by Republicans that only through unity can they have any prospect of victory in November. They ought to remember what disaster Republican apathy brought in 1910, when the stay-at-homes of their party gave all the close districts to the Democrats and enabled them to get a majority of sixty-five in the House of Representatives and to cut the Republican lead in the Senate down to eight. Thus President Taft has one branch of Congress against him in the second half of his term and has very little support in the other branch. The Democratic victory in 1910, the first which that party gained in a national election since 1892, has given it encouragement to make a strong fight in 1912—a fight which promises to be successful unless the Republicans quit their suicidal factional quarreling instantly and get together in the national convention.

Do the Republicans want to repeat in 1912 in Chicago the hari-kari on themselves which the Democrats perpetrated on their party in Charleston in 1860? The passion which the Southern Democrats, fifty-two years ago, showed against Douglas, the favorite of the Northern element of their party, was rather mild compared with the fury which some of the partisans of the two leading Republican aspirants

of to-day are displaying against their Republican opponents. There was a Democratic split in 1860, the Northern section of the party nominating Douglas and the Southern element putting up Breckinridge. The result was an overwhelming Republican victory. And in all of the fifty-two years since that time the Republicans have held the presidency, except during Cleveland's eight years in that office.

Let the Republican factionists beware. The party is bigger and greater than any of its leaders. It was here before any of its present chieftains, and the country hopes that it will be here after all those leaders pass away. In their insane violence of language and deed, the factionists are hitting their party harder than they are the rival aspirant. This internecine feud must be stopped immediately, if the organization is to have any future. At the present moment the Republican party is a house divided against itself, and the fate of the Democracy at Charleston long ago shows what a condition like this portends.

Conquering the Air.

MAN HAS conquered time and distance by his devices for travel and communicating thought. He has achieved along a score of lines that to his forbears presented insuperable difficulties. And at last he seems to have conquered the air. In all countries to-day aviation absorbs thought and inspires experiment. The number of the birdmen, so called, is legion, and their feats keep the world on tiptoe.

But modern as all this may be, and in line with other marvels of ingenuity and daring that distinguish the age, it must not be forgotten that navigation of the air is an ancient dream of man. Leonardo da Vinci, that intellectual wonder of the fifteenth century, painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, engineer, mathematician and philosopher—whose artistic attributes alone rivaled those of Michael Angelo—devised a heavier-than-air machine, and his sketches of his idea, still in existence, show extraordinary technical knowledge of problems, some of which have been solved by the airmen of to-day.

Aviation is but one of the details of the science of aeronautics, which for ages has inspired curious study and experiment. The science of air navigation dates, however, from 1783, when the Montgolfier brothers and their co-workers constructed their first balloon. With their immediate successors, they developed the spherical balloon to a state of efficiency which has not been materially improved upon; and but a few years later General Meunier, a French army officer, planned an elliptical dirigible airship which included all the essential principles of the modern dirigible.

The French, it would seem, from the first have been foremost in attacking, if not in solving, the problems of air navigation. As early as 1794, at Mauberge, in a battle with the Austrians, they for the first time used an aerial vessel in warfare. Bal-

looning was a serious element in war problems in France until 1799, when Napoleon, convinced that its dangers outweighed its values, closed the French ballooning school and disbanded two companies of airships, the aerial machine in warfare thus being abandoned for a long period.

Air navigation in France was pursued with enthusiasm until 1812, when many accidents caused it to decline. For a long interval thereafter ballooning was considered one of the characteristic devices of showmen and was almost held in contempt on any other theory. Yet it revived again, and there were aero clubs throughout the world before the advent of the aeroplane.

The heavier-than-air machine has been an object of experiment for many years. Henderson, an Englishman, flew under power of a twenty-horse engine as early as 1843. Sir Hiram Maxim, in 1888, built a machine which was practically successful. Ader flew in Paris in 1900. Langley, who had experimented in 1885, flew over the Potomac River in 1896, and the Wrights, Farman, Bleriot and others have followed these pioneers with marvelous mechanism and feats that have startled the world.

The "Pure Democracy" Delusion.

GOVERNMENT which comprises the initiative, referendum and recall of officials and of judicial decisions is government by impulse and caprice. Rome's plebiscitum was the initiative in its essential form, while the recall is the ostracism of Athens under a new name. Both worked badly and were discarded. Under modern conditions and in a great nation like the United States, they would work worse than they did in the countries in which they were invented.

In a crude but effective way, the initiative and recall had their little hour on the stage during the French Revolution, and the experience in those countries and periods was not such as would commend them to Americans of the twentieth century. The recall of judges and of judicial decisions would bring a reign of demagoguery and of mob rule which would disorganize our whole judicial machinery and reduce our orderly system of law enforcement to the level of the jurisprudence of the sand lots in the days of Dennis Kearney.

The framers of the American Constitution had the initiative and recall, under the other names, before them when they were engaged in fashioning their charter, and they rejected them. As between "pure democracy" and representative republicanism, they selected the latter, and their fellow-countrymen have applauded their courage and wisdom. It would have been easier for them to yield to the clamor of the mob, but they felt that they were framing a code of government for a great nation and not for a single town or a collection of small towns in a narrow area. Faith told them that their country would be larger



IMPRESSIVE OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT.

Start of the funeral procession from South Ferry, New York City, on the arrival of the body and attendants from Governor's Island. Previously funeral services were held at the post chapel on the island, where the general had been in command of the Department of the East. A number of aged veterans who had fought under the father of the dead general were there to act as escort to the body of the son. The chapel was brilliant with flowers. Among the notables present were President Taft, members of the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the Army, Mayor Gaynor of New York and other prominent civilians. The ritual of the Protestant Episcopal Church was said, Chaplain E. B. Smith officiating, and Bishop Fallows of Illinois delivered a eulogy. In his address he referred to the "heroic militancy" of the late Major Archie Butt, at which President Taft was profoundly moved. At the conclusion of the service the coffin was placed on a gun caisson. The cortege, comprising mounted police, detachments of regular soldiers and militiamen, Grand Army veterans and representatives of several societies, proceeded from South Ferry, through the city to the West Shore Ferry, where a train was taken to West Point for burial. Among the honorary pall-bearers were Generals Daniel E. Sickles, Horatio C. King, T. H. Barry, H. G. Sharpe, and William Crozier, Senator Root, Hamilton Fish, General F. V. Greene, H. W. Taft, H. H. Kohlsaat, Andrew Carnegie and Seth Low. Among the mourners were Mrs. Grant and her son, Captain Grant; her daughter, Princess Cantacuzene; U. S. Grant 3d, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Vice-President and Mrs. Sherman. General Grant's charger, riderless, with mourning caparison, but saddled, and carrying General Grant's boots reversed, was led by a trooper. Silent crowds lined the streets. At West Point the cadets fired three volleys over the grave, the post band played "Nearer My God to Thee," and an artillery salute of thirteen guns was fired.

some day than Switzerland was at that time, and they believed that posterity had some rights which they ought to respect.

A great many years have passed since Boston was compelled to abandon its scheme of government by mass meeting, and it never seriously contemplated returning to that system. The drift among the cities in the present day is in the other direction. It is toward commission government, in which power is passed over into the hands of a comparatively few persons. Some of Boston's near neighbors—Haverhill, Lawrence, Lowell, Lynn and others—have commission government, and Boston herself is moving in that direction. The initiative, referendum and recall of judges and judicial decisions would supersede order by anarchy.

An attempt is to be made to induce the Republican national convention of 1912 to declare for these fads. It will fail, just as the attempt failed to coerce the Republican convention of 1908 into a demand for the abolition of the injunction in labor disputes and for the legalization of the boycott. Had the Republican party stood sponsor for such monstrous demands in 1908 and placed them on the statute-book, McNamara atrocities would have been frequent and their perpetrators would have sounded their insolent challenge to the public, "What are you going to do about it?"

Very properly, the Republican party indignantly refused to stand for such an orgy of licensed riot. The convention will reject the fads which a small section of their members now put forward. They mean reaction and not progress. From the beginning of its career, the Republican party has stood for conservatism and reasoned deliberation. In this way it has solved all the problems which have arisen in half a century and solved them so sanely that they have remained solved.

At this late day the party will refuse to break with the courageous, intelligent and progressive record which has brought the United States from the low level among the nations which it held in 1860 up to the leading place in the world's councils.

The Plain Truth.

RELIGION! It takes a sophomore to essay what martyrs and philosophers dare not attempt. A club has been organized at Cornell University to "reconstruct religious thought, setting it upon a basis of fact and truth, instead of meritless faith and traditional superstition, and to consider and discuss with a view to the theological enlightenment of the world such phases of ethics and morals as may assist in the discovery of truth and throw light upon the main subject of religion." A sophomore is president of the new organization, many of whose members are freshmen and sophomores. We wish them well. To wish that they had a little appreciation of the humor of the situation would be idle.

WIRELESS! Every life saved from the *Titanic* is an eloquent tribute to wireless telegraphy. Without Marconi's invention, there might not have been any to tell the tale of the disaster. But the

tragedy has revealed the necessity of an immediate reorganization of wireless service on the sea. The *Titanic's* first call for help was missed by the steamer *Parisian* because there was only one operator aboard and he was off duty. The single operator of the *Carpathia* was likewise off duty, and it was only a passing curiosity to read the news that led him to the operator's room just in time to catch the *Titanic's* call for help. The *London Standard* is authority for the statement that there are four hundred British vessels each carrying but one operator, and that only upon fifty ships are there wireless shifts. To install a ship with wireless as part of her life-saving equipment and then to have it in operation but half the time is ridiculous. It is quite as important to have a wireless operator on duty day and night as to have a lookout in the crow's-nest every moment of a trip.

SOCIALISM! It is not surprising that the editorial policy of *LESLIE'S* doesn't suit all of its readers. It would be more surprising if a household in which there are four men voting the Socialist ticket should approve any good word concerning the existing political and economic order. When, in the course of an interesting letter, a subscriber says, "We know the railroads are run by a set of rascals and rogues, and it is folly to tell us anything else," *LESLIE'S* is quite willing to be put down as approaching our problems in a totally different spirit. If this be true of the railroads and all other corporations, if the principles of the present order in the economic realm are all wrong, if our system of government likewise exploits the weak for the sake of the strong, then revolution is the only way out. Granting that there are evils in business and corruption in politics, *LESLIE'S* policy has been that the evils may be rectified, the corruption cleansed, without resort to revolution, even the bloodless revolution of the Socialists. Whenever justice and fair play have called for a good word for the railroads and our other great corporations, *LESLIE'S* has always been ready to say the word. This it will continue to do.

IMMIGRANTS! Immigration, in its last analysis, is a question of education and assimilation. The trouble comes when the foreigner settles in one spot faster than he can be educated or in larger numbers than can be comfortably assimilated. Such is the condition in New York and Boston and generally throughout the New England States. The formation of the American Immigration and Distribution League in New York is, therefore, a significant step in the solution of the alien problem. The league will endeavor to persuade various States to grant special inducements for homeseekers who will settle on undeveloped land. Some States have already set aside homeseekers' tracts, and those which have not will be asked to do so and to let immigrants have small pieces of land at nominal prices, to be paid in installments. It is true that many agricultural immigrants, whose experience in their home lands has been hard, dread the farm and so drop contentedly into the nearest city. But if they will give it a trial, they will soon find country life more rewarding here in every way than in the old country. New England, New York

and New Jersey have more aliens than they can readily assimilate. The West and South would be only too glad to have the stream diverted in their direction. Scatter our immigrant population all over the country, and the problem of the foreigner would be satisfactorily solved in a couple of generations.

SWEARING! Some imagine that profanity strengthens language. But any expression oft repeated—and this is always the case with profanity—becomes an element of weakness. The reliance upon "strong language" to give vigor to conversation is an evidence of intellectual poverty. A Massachusetts minister, who has attained some notoriety through the new decalogues he has proposed for men and women, has now given ten reasons why every respectable, thinking man should swear just as often and as hard as he can. The reasons are as follows:

1. Because it is such an elegant way of expressing one's thoughts.
2. Because it is such a conclusive proof of taste and good breeding.
3. Because it is a sure way of making one's self agreeable to one's friends.
4. Because it is a positive evidence of the acquaintanceship with good literature.
5. Because it furnishes such a good example and training for young boys.
6. Because it is just what a man's mother enjoys having her son do.
7. Because it would look so nice in print.
8. Because it is such a good way of increasing one's self-respect.
9. Because it is such a help to manhood and virtue in many ways.
10. Because it is such an infallible way of improving one's chances in the hereafter.

And not a little slang is a pretty close relative to profanity.

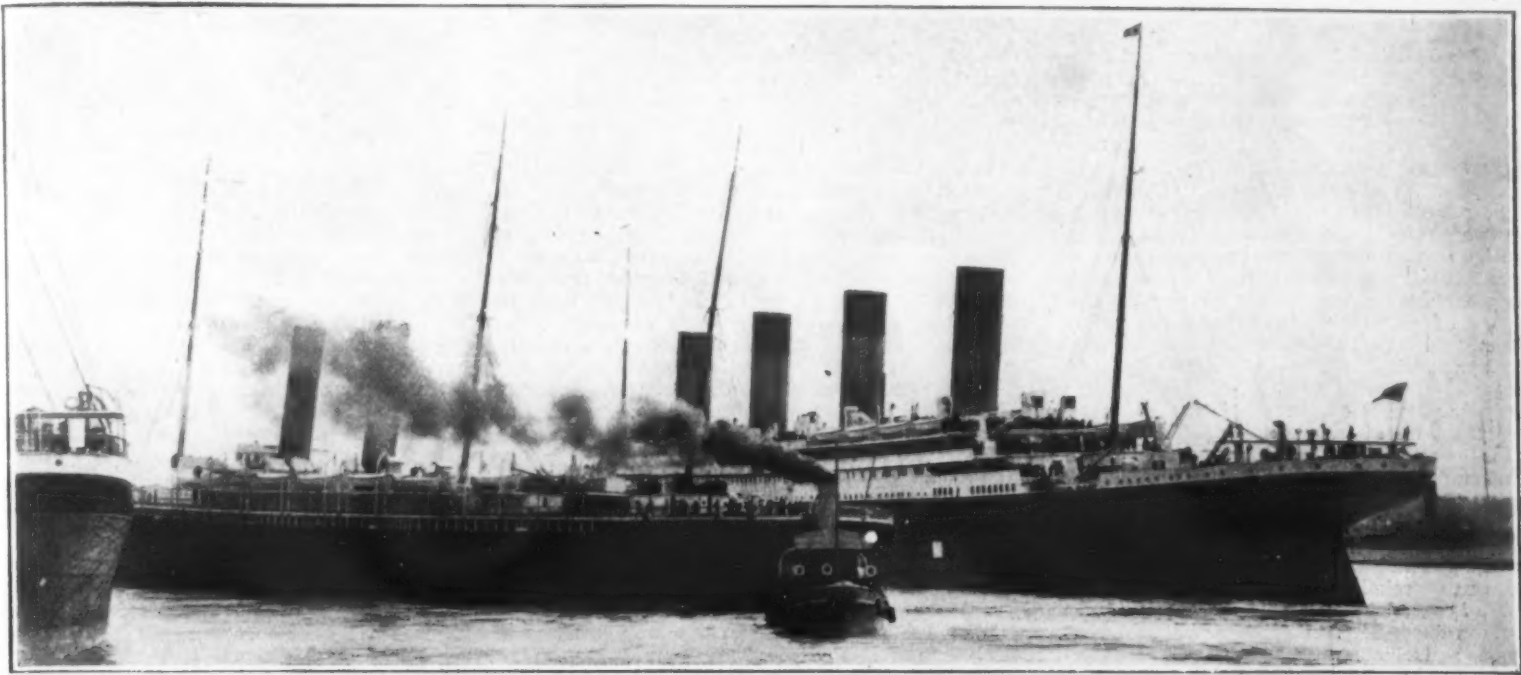
Whom Do You Want For President?

Over a million persons read *Leslie's* each week. Just at this time, when interest in the presidential campaign is approaching a white heat, it will be interesting to obtain the choice for president of *Leslie's* vast army of readers.

On page 550 is printed a coupon, which the publishers will be pleased to have filled out and forwarded to the "Election Contest Editor, *Leslie's Weekly*, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York."

Votes should be sent in at once. The results will be carefully compiled and announced in an early issue.

The News of the Time in Pictures



The ill-fated steamship "Titanic" (vessel with four funnels) leaving Southampton, England, on her maiden voyage, which ended with disaster off Newfoundland. Some idea of the magnitude of this leviathan of the ocean may be gained from the fact that as she was drawing away from her dock at Southampton, and before she had attained anything like her maximum speed, which was twenty-six or more miles an hour, the tremendous suction caused by her great displacement and momentum dragged the steamship "New York" (vessel with two funnels) from her moorings, tearing her enormous hawsers apart as though they were mere threads. A serious collision was narrowly averted by the tugs in attendance upon the larger vessel.



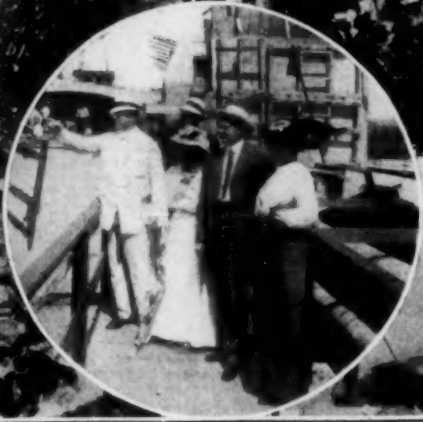
Scene of ruin at Waterbury, Connecticut, where twelve incendiary fires during a single afternoon recently created a series of panics in the city and finally exhausted the fire department. The City Hall, in the background, and many other buildings were destroyed and the loss was the heaviest in Waterbury in years. The militia were called out, and citizens were ordered to their homes, which were guarded with guns. Arrests were made, but responsibility for the fires was not fixed.



A versatile orator. This picture shows a part of the enormous crowd which William Jennings Bryan lately addressed as he turned for the moment from politics to preaching and delivered a telling sermon in Union Square, New York City, in the interest of the great Men and Religion Forward Movement which has stirred more feeling in the metropolis than any religious revival within memory. Scores of churches and all classes of citizens were active in this effort. Mr. Bryan is seen in the circle in the upper right.



A remarkable engineering feat. Portal of the big tunnel constructed at Cripple Creek, Colorado, to drain the various mines of this world famous gold camp. The present flow of water in this tunnel is 12,000 gallons per minute, and the tunnel cost upwards of \$375,000. Gold at Cripple Creek was discovered by a carpenter named Stratton, who became a multimillionaire, and up to date the "camp" has produced hundreds of millions in the precious metal, while it is still highly productive.



A distinguished visitor to Panama. Collector Loeb of the port of New York and a group of friends inspecting the tremendous lock on the Panama Canal at Gatun. Left to right, Commodore R. A. C. Smith, F. C. W. Smith, Mrs. Loeb, Collector Loeb, Mrs. E. H. Holmes. The party returned from the Isthmus on the steamer "Victoria Luise."



A notable memorial service. Dedication of the monument to the women of the South erected by the State of South Carolina, at Columbia. The State Legislature attended the ceremony in a body, and the military and Confederate organizations of the State were represented. The monument was designed by F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, of New York, and the idea he has worked out is poetic. The Southern woman is represented meditating over the past and future of her people with a Bible resting on her knee.

Private Brands and Public Honesty

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

NATIONAL legislation is being urged to require that the labels on all foods put up in packages, whether cans, boxes, cartons, bottles or other forms of containers, shall bear the name and address of the actual manufacturer. If such legislation is obtained, it will mean the elimination of the "private brand," or nearly that; for, while a few of the best private-brand goods may remain upon the market, the great majority of package foods put up by manufacturers and canners for wholesale grocers to sell under their names to retail grocers will disappear. Since the controversy over the original pure-food laws, no other piece of proposed legislation has created such interest and discussion in the great food-trade world as the name-on-the-label proposition.

A very large part of the public's food supply would be affected by the proposed law. The past few years have brought about a vast increase of the foods put up in packages. Millions of dollars are annually expended by the manufacturers of this class of food products in nationally advertising them. It is this order of manufacturer, together with the better-class canners and packers, with perhaps the majority of retail grocers, especially those who are financially independent of control by wholesale merchants, which is strongly in favor of placing the actual manufacturer's name and address upon all labels. The wholesale grocers—or "jobbers"—being those who make use of the private-brand system, together with a certain proportion of canners and packers who cater to their wants, and a portion of the retail trade, oppose the measure.

The proposed legislation would make honesty of statement on labels prevail not merely as to the contents and weight and purity of the foods sold in package form, but also as to the actual name and address of the maker or packer of the foods. Back of the business of food purveying—as the best food purveyors recognize—stand high public duties and responsibilities. The seller of food is much more than a dollar chaser; he is a ministrant to human life. As writers and clergymen and actors and lawyers and statesmen influence life for good or for bad by their influence on the minds of the public, so the food purveyors influence life for good or for bad by the materials which they supply to the public for making bodies—and they influence mind as well as body, for sound minds depend upon sound bodies quite as much as sound bodies depend upon sound thinking. And the sense of the ideal side of their work is strong in the representative food men, as well as the practical dollars and cents aspect.

Broadly speaking, the business of supplying the public with its food is done through four main channels. First, there is the producer of the raw material; then the manufacturer; next the distributor—who is the wholesale merchant or "jobber"—and then the retail grocer. While in the main distinct from each other, yet these channels may run together. A

producer may be a manufacturer as well, and a manufacturer may do his own distributing, while very often it happens that the distributor, the wholesale merchant, adds manufacturing to his business and thus competes with the simon-pure manufacturer. Of late years this tendency on the part of the wholesaler to impinge on the function of the manufacturer has greatly increased. It is the main source of the present private-brand controversy. For the specialist in manufacturing resents the invasion of his territory by the distributing agent he relies upon to make his own work effective, and more and more he tends to retaliate by going over the jobber's head and selling straight to the retailer. Indeed, there has been such an increase of direct distribution from manufacturer to retailer that the "elimination of the jobber" is being seriously discussed. But the best informed manufacturers, those who do not take an entirely partisan view of the situation, do not want the jobber eliminated. One spokesman for the specialty manufacturers summed up the case for his department of the food-supplying system in this way:

"This talk about the elimination of the jobber is nonsense, unless the jobber deliberately brings it about himself by persisting in unfair and unhealthful infringement upon the legitimate province of the expert manufacturer. We manufacturers—devoting ourselves to the hard and responsible task of producing and marketing and advertising foods—have no desire to tackle the terrific task of directly reaching the public with our goods, nor do we wish to devise ways and means of going over the jobber's head to the three hundred thousand retail grocers of the country. The jobbers—as jobbers, and not as makers of private brands—are experts; they are specialists in the intricate task of distribution. They are the pores of the food-supplying organism. The manufacturers are the producing organs. The efficient and healthy condition of the entire mechanism depends upon keeping the pores open and unclogged. Mutual interdependence between the various departments, and not excessive independence, is requisite.

"The reason why many jobbers add to their legitimate function the making and handling of goods under their own brands is a simple one—they expect to make more profit on the goods bearing their private brand than they do in selling the standard brands. They figure that, by having their goods put up at the lowest possible cost and by saving the expense of advertising them, they can afford to undersell the manufacturer of the standard brands and still make more money than they could by the sales of the standard lines.

"As a matter of cold, statistical fact, however, the jobber either fools himself or deliberately shuts his eyes to the truth—which is that the average cost of putting up private brands is greater than that of standard brands, even though poorer qualities of food are used and less care exercised in scientific, sanitary care; and this extra cost must either be added

to the price or made up by taking away from the quality of the goods. In the majority of cases private brands are not manufactured by the dealers handling them, but are made for them by manufacturers who cater to that class of business. Very often it is the case that a single line of goods will be made up of several different kinds, made by different manufacturers, representing all degrees of quality, from good to very dubious. National and State pure-food laws have certainly reduced out and out adulteration most considerably, but, as Dr. Wiley recently said, 'If anybody thinks the adulteration snake is killed, he is much mistaken.' Inattention or ignorance in making or putting up package goods or unhygienic and careless methods are as dangerous to the public health as outright adulteration. It is a significant fact that of all the thousands of cases made out by national and State health officials against companies and individuals for violating pure food and drug laws, only a very few are brought against specialty manufacturers of any standing.

"The whole situation swings upon the turning point of honesty. Our very life and success as manufacturers depend upon not only telling the truth about our products and not merely upon maintaining the quality of our goods, but also upon constantly bettering them. As one manufacturer said recently, 'Advertising demands merit that may be advertised.' When once a manufacturer starts on the path of improvement, the entire world is searched for means and methods to produce improvements. Publicity increases the responsibility of the maker. His trademark becomes a banner—a standard, in the elevation of which a manufacturer pledges himself to fight for better merchandise, better means of production, better distributing methods. If a sense of public duty did not urge him forward, his common or horse sense would; for if he does not play the game in this way, he will fail; for others will do so and will force him from his place. The inspiration of each and every honest trade-mark publicity campaign is the motto, 'Betterment—and Again Betterment!' If the quality of a standard brand declines, so also do sales decline, and the manufacturer has no option between meeting the demand for better quality or going out of business.

"But the case is different with the jobber and his private brands. If a jobber begins to lose money on a brand, he can drop it and make up the loss on his many other lines of staple goods. He has no sense of responsibility toward any particular brand, save in rare and exceptional instances. He does not pledge himself to the public as the manufacturer of standard brands must do. Behind the latter's foods is the guarantee of a man or a firm with a large amount of money tied up in a business that depends upon pleasing and satisfying the actual consumers, so that they will go back to their grocers again and again for the same line of goods. Back of the private brand is no

(Continued on page 544.)

The Father of Aviation

THE French—theirself masters of the air—call Louis Mouillard the Father of Aviation, although he never flew. Mouillard was a theorist. It is admitted to-day that his theories were sound, although he never put them into achieving form. Mouillard wrote two books, "The Empire of the Air" and "Flight with Fixed Wings." Only the first of these works appeared during his lifetime, and that had a small circulation. But he pointed the way to fly, and, ten years after his death, the Wright brothers, following principles he set down, proved that he had solved the problem.

Mouillard explained that to seek to fly by imitating the beating of a bird's wings was error; that, instead of trying this impossible feat, man should imitate those birds which soar with steady wings and avail themselves of air currents. If Mouillard had possessed money, there is little doubt that he would have demonstrated his theory, as it has been successfully proved. The life of this remarkable man seems, on superficial view, to have been a failure. But his compatriots, recognizing his real worth, have set up a monument to his memory at Heliopolis, Egypt, that was unveiled in February last. He died in 1897. The story of his life is pathetic.

Mouillard was the son of a dyer of Lyons. From boyhood he was fascinated by the flight of birds. He managed to buy an eagle, which he secreted in the family garret and studied with an avid interest whenever he could escape from his books or work. He watched the bird's movements, measured its wings, and studied it with infinite pains. And when he had mastered the secret, with the aid of his admiring sisters he built an aeroplane with cotton and corset bones and determined himself to fly.

Going to a hill, crowned with a church, with a sheer cliff on one side, the young inventor was about to trust himself to his contrivance when the beadle rushed at him, boxed his ears, confiscated his machine, and sent him home in disgrace. This was the only attempt Mouillard ever made to fly, but his studies on the subject never ceased.

He showed such aptitude at drawing that it was



THE "FATHER OF AVIATION" HONORED.
Monument erected at Heliopolis, Egypt, to Louis Mouillard, a Frenchman, who never flew, but who first solved the problem of human flight.

decided he should make his living by this talent. He won a scholarship, and, going to Paris, studied under Ingres. Yet, while he drew and painted, his mind was always on flight. He would climb the towers of Notre Dame, watch the startled birds take flight, and study their movements.

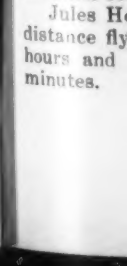
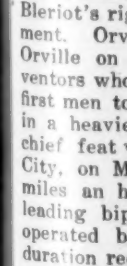
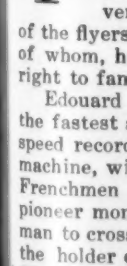
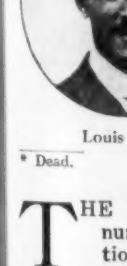
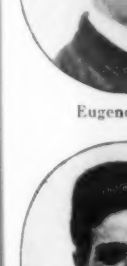
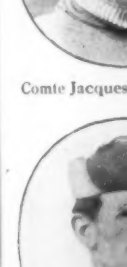
Mouillard's father died and his artistic career suddenly closed. He went to Algeria as a colonist and

made a failure in that; but the birds again were his teachers. He noted that the sea birds rose, turned and flew against the wind without a movement of their wings. He weighed the bodies of the strongest, calculated wing space, and advanced in his theories toward the truth.

Casting about for a vocation, for he was poor, Mouillard secured a place to teach drawing at the Polytechnical School of Cairo. Here he had another opportunity. He would study the vultures of the desert, and almost daily he sought them inland. He finally called the vulture "the master of flight," adding, "In the perfection of the result and the simplicity of the movement their flight is so splendid that it overcomes the watcher. Every time you look at it you are amazed that none has tried to reproduce it. It is so simple, so exactly what we want. What could we ask more than that steady flight and those immense circles which carry the bird into the heavens? They are all our desires realized." By degrees he formulated his theories of air currents. He observed that birds rose and hung motionless and moved without beating their wings. He ruminated on the air forces caused by the rising of hot air from the desert and their effect on the flight of the birds. He had solved the mystery.

Stricken with illness, Mouillard could no longer teach drawing. He managed to publish his "Empire of the Air," knowing its scientific value, and to reach Paris, where his theories were well received. The Society for Aerial Navigation made him a member, but no one was ready to advance him money for a practical demonstration of his theories.

Discouraged, Mouillard returned to Cairo, where he acted as cashier in a shop, his wife being employed in another place. They together earned but little. By degrees he finished his work on "Flight with Fixed Wings." Just before his death, Chanute, the American, corresponded with Mouillard on the subject of aviation. It is said that from Chanute the knowledge gained from Mouillard passed to the Wrights. But, ten years before they had conquered the air, Mouillard died.



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Honor Roll of the Birdmen



Edouard Nieuport.*



Louis Bleriot.



Orville and Wilbur Wright.



Glenn H. Curtiss.



Henri Farman.



Jules Hélén.



André Beaumont.



The original Wright team: Coffyn, Brookins, Hoxsey * and La Chapelle.



C. P. Rodgers.*



John B. Moisant.*



Pierre Prier.*



Lincoln Beachey.



Leon Delagrangé.*



Roland G. Garros.



Jacques Fischhoff.



Harry N. Atwood.



René Simon.



Comte Jacques de Lesspès.



Pierre Vedrines.



Charles T. Weymann.



Jacques Loridan.



Léon Bréquet.



Hubert T. Latham.



Claude Grahame White.



Eugène Ely.*



Jules Gibeit.



J. Anthony Drexel.



Henri Ménard.



J. A. D. McCurdy.



Charles Stuart Rolls.*



Charles K. Hamilton.



Louis Paulhan.



Santos Dumont.



St. Croix Johnstone.*



Raoul Legagneux.



Roger Sommer.



Thomas A. Baldwin.

* Dead.

THE HONOR roll of the birdmen includes a number now missing from the ranks of aviation, death having intervened in their adventurous efforts. A glance at the records of the flyers who are pictured here, a great majority of whom, happily, are still active, will prove their right to fame.

Edouard Nieuport, the Frenchman, now dead, built the fastest aeroplane in the world and held all official speed records for 1911. Louis Bleriot is shown in a machine, with Alfred Le Blanc on the ground. These Frenchmen have won great note, Bleriot being the pioneer monoplane builder of the world and the first man to cross the English Channel, and Le Blanc being the holder of the world's speed record for 1910 and Bleriot's right-hand man in the construction department. Orville and Wilbur Wright are shown, with Orville on the left. These are the American inventors who gave the aeroplane to the world, and the first men to accomplish successfully controlled flights in a heavier-than-air machine. Glenn H. Curtiss's chief feat was his flight from Albany to New York City, on May 29th, 1910, at the rate of fifty-four miles an hour. Henri Farman, of France, is the leading biplane builder of Europe. His machines, operated by Loridan and Menard, hold all world's duration records.

Jules Hélén, of France, was the world's champion distance flyer in 1911, covering 699.8 miles in twelve hours and 782.6 miles in fourteen hours and seven minutes. Lieutenant Jean Conneau, of the French



Miss Harriet Quimby,

Dramatic Critic of "Leslie's Weekly," the First Woman Aviator to Fly Across the English Channel.

Miss Quimby, who was the first woman in America to obtain an air pilot's license, performed her wonderful feat on April 16. She started from Dover, England, in a Bleriot monoplane and landed two hours later at Hardelot, near Boulogne, France. She had a splendid trip in spite of the fog. Her intensely interesting story of her exploit will appear in a future issue of "Leslie's."

navy, flies under the name of Andre Beaumont. He is the winner of the Paris-Rome, the European circuit and the around-Britain races. The original Wright team, which first demonstrated the aeroplane to the public, is pictured, from left to right in their order, being Frank T. Coffyn, Walter Brookins, Archie Hoxsey, Frank La Chapelle, Alfred Welsh and Ralph Johnstone. Hoxsey and Johnstone are dead. Brookins and Johnstone both created world's altitude records, and Coffyn is inventor of the aluminum hydroplane for aeroplanes, as well as of the self-starting engine device.

The death of Calbraith P. Rodgers is fresh in mind. He flew from New York to San Francisco and was winner of the duration prize of \$16,000 at the Chicago aviation meet last August. John B. Moisant is remembered for his feat in carrying a passenger from Paris to London. He was killed near New Orleans, while in flight. Pierre Prier, of France, who met death at the hands of an assassin, flew from London to Paris without a stop, at the rate of 74.5 miles an hour, breaking the record for non-stop, cross-country flight. J. Armstrong Drexel, American, broke the world's altitude record at Lanark, Scotland, in 1910. Lincoln Beachey, America's foremost exhibition flyer, created a world's altitude record of 11,500 feet at the Chicago aviation meet, his figures being surpassed by Garros three weeks later.

Leon Delagrangé, French, was the leading European flyer of 1908 and 1909 until his death. He

(Continued on page 550.)

The Boomerang

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is one of Mr. Curwood's most effective short stories. It tells of a man who makes much money by the sale of "salted" mines, but is not conscious of the wickedness of his doings. His love for a young woman of fine character and keen conscience works his reform. He makes restitution so far as he can, but the partner from whom he separates succeeds in swindling the young lady's guardian out of \$100,000—her entire fortune.

THESE were times, and plenty of them, when you would say that Rodney Stone was a rascal. Put a swallow-tail coat on him, a silk hat and the right sort of a collar, and you'd be willing to go odds that he was a preacher, a high-toned sort, or maybe one of those smooth-tongued, good Samaritan lobbyists sent out by the mining interests. But always, whether he was dressed in his swallow-tail or his mining boots, he was a philanthropist—one of the softest-hearted fellows you ever met when it came right down to every-day-misery-in-a-cottage. I've seen him gurggle all over with delight when he had just done some smooth job of turning other people's money into his own pockets, and ten minutes later I've seen him, almost with tears in his eyes, digging down into those same pockets to help some one out of trouble.

He had as shrewd a brain as they make, and yet he couldn't get rich and didn't want to. Money went from him as easily as it came. One day he cleaned up a couple of thousand from a rich investor in a way that would have made an owl laugh, and the next day, almost to an hour, he handed that two thousand over to a poor chap he knew, who had a pretty little wife dying of consumption. "Take her out of this cursed climate," he said. "I don't need the money. If it saves your wife, just write me about it." That was his way. You couldn't help liking him. He'd lose a hundred dollars himself rather than beat a poor man out of a dollar; but when it came to people with money—then was the time to look out for Roddy Stone. Likely as not he would have ended up in a penitentiary—if the girl hadn't come along just at the right time. What she didn't do to Roddy Stone isn't worth remarking about. Esther Collard was her name, a slim, blue-eyed little thing, with a voice as sweet as a bird's, and brown curls that danced and tumbled about her head no matter how she did up her hair.

At the time of their meeting, Roddy was doing some slick jobs at "salting" up in the Canadian gold fields about Sturgeon Lake. I believe that Roddy could have bamboozled a syndicate into the purchase of a pickle mine. He had cleaned up eighty thousand dollars in six months, when along came a scientist from some Eastern college, hunting for the bones of prehistoric monsters, and it was the scientist who indirectly brought about his meeting with pretty Esther Collard. Roddy loved a joke better than his dinner, and the professor turned up just at the right moment. At this time Rodney was the owner of a worthless shaft and knew of a man back in the bush who had found a lot of mastodon bones and fossilized fish. It took him just a week to "salt" the shaft so that it looked like a rich deposit of prehistoric natural history, and he sold out to the scientific gentleman for a thousand dollars.

He pulled the deal off in the morning, and in the afternoon he turned the check over to a committee that was trying to scrape up enough money to build a church and hire a real preacher. There were three women in that committee—and Esther Collard. Esther had come along merely as a friend of one of the three, but the moment her eyes met Roddy's, something happened. Things come about in that way sometimes. None of the others could see or feel what was going on inside of Rodney Stone's rough mining coat, and they didn't notice the strange glow that came into Esther's blue eyes or the flush that deepened just a trifle in her cheeks. For ten years Rodney had been waiting for the look that he saw in the girl's face and for the sweetness that he saw in her eyes. He had been waiting—without knowing it or hoping for the ultimate thing, for women had played but a small part in his life. At thirty-five the one woman who filled his heart was still the sweet memory-face of his mother, who lay in a little country churchyard many hundreds of miles away. But now she divided it with Esther Collard.

The second evening after the committee had gone with its thousand-dollar check, Rodney called upon Esther Collard, and he called every evening after that for a week. It was on a Sunday evening that Esther sat down at the piano, with her soft curls shining in the lamp glow and her cheeks as pink as the inside of a shell, and played and sang for him the old pieces that he hadn't heard for years and years. She had an angel's voice, with a child-like sweetness in it that went right to his soul, and when on that Sunday evening she turned the light a little lower and sang to him "Silver Threads among the Gold" and "Home, Sweet Home," the tears ran down his face and he forgot to wipe them away. She saw them there, and suddenly there came a wonderful change in her face and her voice broke. And Rodney Stone reached out and took her face between his two big, strong hands, looked straight into her pure, blue eyes, and said simply,

"Sweet Esther—I love you!"

Like a child she put her hands up to his shoulders, and, with her face hidden against him, he heard her whisper,

"And I—I love you!"

That was all, but a thousand words could not have marked the dawning of a sweeter love story than theirs. That night, at the gate, from which they gazed off into the starry north, where the aurora was sending up its silvery shafts, Rodney drew the girl close up to him again and said,

"I'm going to tell you something to-morrow—or next day—or pretty soon, little girl—something about myself—that you won't like. It's—it's pretty rough up here, you know, and sometimes we do things—well, that you wouldn't like. Now, if I was a gambler—"

There was a frightened look in her blue eyes.

"You're not!" she whispered almost aggressively. "You're not!"

"But if I was," he persisted, "would it make any difference with you?"

"I'd love you—just the same," she replied. "But—you'd—never—gamble again—"

"Whatever I've done that's wrong, I'll never do again!" he cried gently. "Before my God I swear that! Good-night—"

Her face was lifted to him, radiant with love and faith.

"There is only one man I couldn't love," she said, "even if he were you," and she pouted her lips for him to kiss.

"And that man—"

"Would be a thief," she said; and she wondered at the strange look that came into Rodney Stone's face as he turned away from the little gate.

Through all that night Rodney Stone fought the hardest and bitterest fight of his life. It was dawn when he went to his office, white and haggard and covered with dust. But he had won. He threw off his coat and hat, and for hours he searched out innumerable papers from his desk, and made column upon column of figures until his fingers were cramped. Then he began writing letters. When he was done, a score of them lay upon his desk, and in each letter there was a check. He went over the columns of figures again, and found that he was paying back to the people he had "done" just seventy thousand dollars of the seventy-five thousand which he possessed. If it had been in his power, he would have given back three for one, to show the other man that was in him the depths of his love for Esther Collard.

Thief! The word rang over and over again in his brain; it stared at him from the pages he wrote. He had never looked at it in that light. He despised a thief. Until the girl had uttered that word, he had credited everything that he had done to cleverness and brains. But he saw himself now as she would see him—if she knew; and a cold chill crept into his veins as he thought of what it would mean to him to give up this girl who had come into his life like a beautiful star, to lead him out of darkness into dawn. But need she ever know? He asked himself that, and slowly he became conscious of an uncomfortable heat in his face. His hands gripped hard at the edges of the desk. He had gone this far—and he would go farther. He would tell her everything. It was only fair to her.

It was almost eight o'clock—time for Wilkins, his partner, to appear. He smiled grimly as he thought of what Wilkins would say, especially as the biggest deal of their lives was just about to be pulled off. Two months before they had "salted" a mine. So skillfully had they placed the gold quartz, the shale and the trap that many an expert would have been fooled. They were ready to sell. Wilkins, who had done the promoting, had found a purchaser. The price was one hundred thousand.

A little after eight Wilkins came in, rubbing his hands and glowing with exultation. He stared in astonishment at his partner, in whose grim, white face there was none of the old cheery greeting.

"What in thunderation's up?" he cried. "Feeling bad, Roddy?"

For the next five minutes Wilkins only stared, struck speechless by what Rodney Stone was saying to him.

"I've cut it all," Rodney finished. "We haven't been clever. We're only a couple of thieves. I'm giving back every cent I have. Our partnership is ended. This big deal of ours is closed."

Wilkins's voice was almost fierce when he spoke.

"You're a fool!" he exclaimed. "Cut it out if you wish, but don't pretend that you have the authority to carry me with you. Cut out this deal? Throw away a hundred thousand? You must be mad! I've hunted down a buyer. I've got him hard. He's mine—more mine in this instance than yours. Back down if you want to, but I'm going on. Why, do you know, you haven't given me your check for five thousand for a half share in the ore! Even that is mine!"

For the first time that morning a look of relief shot over Rodney's face.

"So it is!" he said. "And I'm glad. But I'm—"

I'm morally responsible just the same. I concede that I can't pull you out, Wilkins. I wish I could. It's quits for me. Roscoe, out in Colorado, has offered me a job, at five thousand a year, to take charge of the Big Smoke mine, and I'm going. I'm sorry for you, Wilkins. Perhaps—some day—you'll meet a girl—"

"Rot!" said Wilkins.

It was a week later before Rodney felt that the propitious moment had come for him to wipe the slate clean. At the end of that time his aggregate capital was only five hundred dollars.

In the little room where he had first told Esther of his love, he began his confession. He began at the beginning, as he had planned to do—starting at the first little "deal" he had carried through when scarcely more than a boy. For ten minutes the girl listened to him, her eyes growing bigger and darker and never leaving his face. "I haven't any excuse for what I've done, Esther," he finished, "except that I thought it was fair. None of it would have happened—if the mother had lived. I've been—a thief. I almost stole—a hundred thousand dollars—yesterday. I pulled out of the deal, but I couldn't stop Wilkins. I'm morally a thief—even in that."

"Rodney!"

Her hands crept to his shoulders. Her face was pale—whiter than he had ever seen it—but back of the startled glow in her eyes there shone a pride and a triumph that were roused by the strength of the man who was telling her these things.

"He sold the mine yesterday," he went on. "It's worthless—and he got a hundred thousand dollars. I couldn't find who the buyer was or I would have warned him. Wilkins left for parts unknown this morning, but before he left he told me who the man was. I'm going to see him, and I'm going to try hard to make it right—some day. He's in Winnipeg."

"Winnipeg!" gasped the girl. Her hands tightened on his shoulders.

"Yes. His name is Barton—Geoffrey Barton."

With a strange, low cry Esther sprang a step back from him. For a brief space Rodney remained speechless and without movement as she stood swaying in the centre of the room.

"Esther!"

Her face was covered with her hands when he went to her. Gently he drew them away.

"Esther—don't you think—I can make good?" he pleaded. "Don't you? I'll work hard—all my life—"

Again, as on that first night, her arms groped out to him.

"Yes—you'll make good," she whispered. After a time, with her face still against his breast, she said, "I—I don't think it necessary for you—ever to pay back—this man, Geoffrey Barton, for, you see—there was the glory of love and happiness in her eyes as she peered up at him—"you see, he is my uncle!"

"Your uncle! My God!"

"Rodney, dear Rodney—I don't care—I'm glad it happened—with him. You'll never have to pay it back, and we'll be so happy—happier than I've ever dreamed of being, even if we do start in poor. You've been honest and brave and a man, dear, and I know you'd pay this back—if it took a lifetime. But it wouldn't be fair to me, and you mustn't. Besides—you see—Uncle Geoffrey was making an investment for me. It was my money that bought Wilkins's mine!"

The Burden of Pensions.

NO SYSTEM of government pensions yet devised has fully justified itself. The frauds and impositions connected with our Civil War pensions are notorious, and in no other department of government is there such slackness in punishing offenders. The net result of the pension experiments of recent years is that those pension systems are best in which the beneficiary has made a contribution of money as well as of years of faithful service.

According to Dr. Ferdinand Friedensburg, who has lately retired as president of the senate in the Imperial German Insurance Office, workingmen's insurance in Germany has been far from a success. Not only has the system been abused by all manner of fraud, but its support has become a tremendous financial burden, without having afforded the relief promised, not having materially improved the condition of the working class. Between 1888 and 1908 the cost of indemnities rose from \$1,475,000 to \$38,775,000. Nor is this the end. The Esser Chamber of Commerce estimates that soon there will be a burden of over \$300,000,000 each year laid upon industrial activity, solely for purposes of social insurance. Every workman in the land feels this financial load, and the general social unhappiness and unrest are greater than ever before.



The Battery, the snake-like background. Taken with



A real bird drome. In the extreme clearly sh



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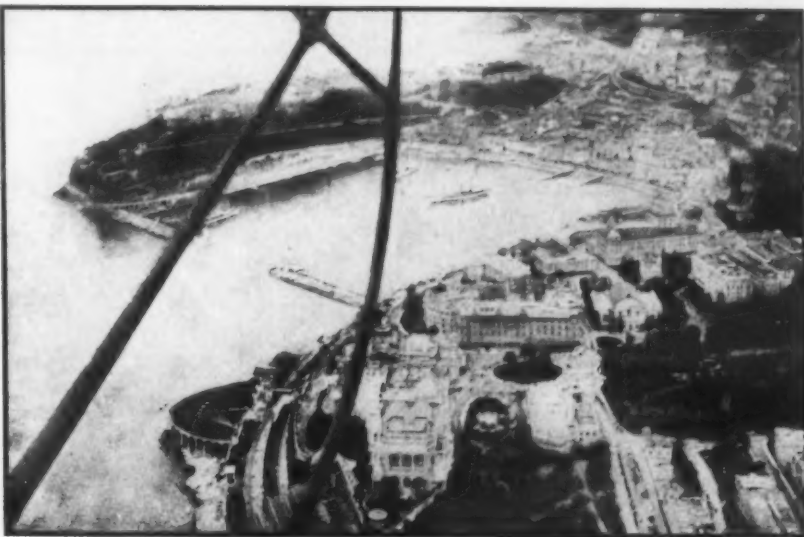


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What the Birdman Sees



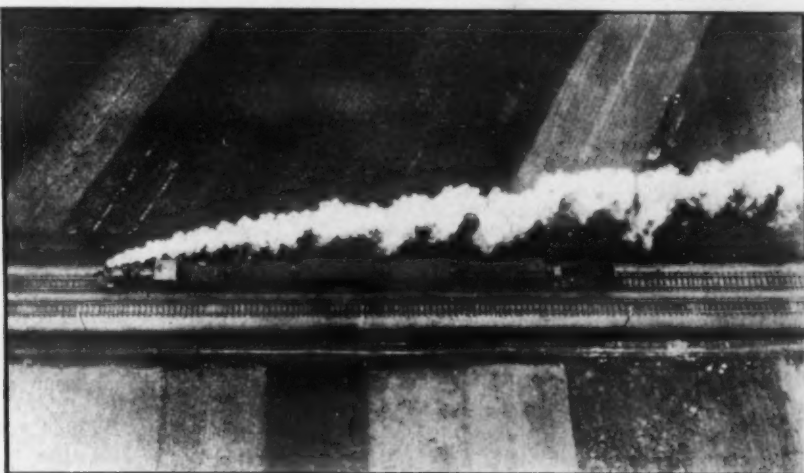
The Battery, New York, municipal ferry house and one of the city's ferryboats in the foreground, the snake-like elevated railroad, and Bowling Green, the Standard Oil and Whitehall buildings in the background. The Battery Park is a resort for many who live in the business section of the city. Taken with a moving picture camera mounted on Frank Coffyn's hydroaeroplane from a height of about 1,500 feet.



Monaco and Monte Carlo. In the foreground, seen between pieces of the aeroplane, is the pigeon-shooting club. On its right the Casino and terraces and beyond to the right the Casino gardens. Near the upper left corner the Aquarium and Ocean-life Museum. In the center at the top of the picture is the palace of the Prince of Monaco, and at its right the famous Cap d'Ail. Picture by Henri Fischer in a French hydroaeroplane from a height of about 1,000 feet.



A real birdseye view of the outskirts of Los Angeles, Cal., near the famous Dominguez aerodrome. In the foreground, at the center, the city reservoir is seen; the foothills of the Sierras at the extreme right, intersected by silver like streams. The splendid roads of California are very clearly shown, despite the fact that the picture was made from an altitude of about 2,500 feet.



The apotheosis of speed. A German railroad train traveling 60 miles an hour photographed from an aeroplane traveling at right angles to the tracks at a speed of 50 miles an hour and about 800 feet above the rails. The fields on both sides of the tracks are studded with young fruit trees, the lighter streaks being grain fields.



The Hendon (England) aerodrome from an altitude of about 500 feet. On the right the hangars of the various airmen are seen. The white-washed figures in the infield are for bomb-dropping tests, the larger representing the outline of a battleship and its more vital spots, the engine and boiler rooms. The circle is marked with a bullseye (a hit in which counts 10), a larger circle wherein a hit counts 5 and an outside circle wherein a hit is valued at only 2 points. How English highways tunnel under railroads is shown in the left background.



The Dominguez (Los Angeles) aerodrome. The photograph shows the "home stretch" of the five-mile circuit, with three biplanes lining up for a start. Four more biplanes are awaiting the call for the next heat. On the grandstand are shown some 25,000 "human ants" and immediately back of the grandstand are the hospital and supply tents. This photograph was made during the January, 1912, tournament, from Howard Gill's biplane while the aviator was flying about 1,000 feet above the ground.



The extreme westerly edge of Governor's Island, in New York harbor. In the foreground historic old Castle William, once a mighty fort, now a military prison. The cannon shown on the ramparts and at the base are obsolete. On the right is a stone-crushing plant where the prisoners work. Immediately back of the smokestack is the barracks of the prison guard, and beyond this the post exchange. In the extreme background is one of the quartermaster department warehouses. The photograph was made from Frank Coffyn's hydroaeroplane, while at 1,500 feet high. The spray shields of his pontoons show clearly in the photograph.



Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty, New York harbor, with a long string of canal boats in tow in the foreground. In the background at left a tug is seen pulling a lumber ship to Communipaw, where the big railroad yards are, and which is to the right and back of Bedloe's Island. The buildings on the island are the officers' quarters and enlisted men's barracks of the company of Signal Corps troops permanently stationed there by the Federal government. The picture was taken from Frank Coffyn's hydroaeroplane at an altitude of about 1,500 feet. The dark streak at the left of the picture is part of the machine.

How I Flew Over New York City

By LADIS LEUKOVWITZ

OF ALL my aeroplane flights, that made on July 8th, 1911, from Nassau Boulevard, Long Island, over New York City, in my Bleriot monoplane, was the most notable. It gave me a sensation which I shall never forget. I had intended to give New Yorkers a treat by making a flight over Coney Island and New York City on the Fourth of July, but was prevented by windy weather. Four days later my aeroplane was in perfect condition, and the engine, a five-cylinder Anzani fifty-horsepower motor, was running fine. Only a few of my friends knew what I was going to do as, about four o'clock, I ordered my monoplane out of my shed. Irving Twombly, well known in the Aero Club of America, was good enough to volunteer to follow me in his automobile, in which Mrs. Twombly, Mrs. Leukovitz, Mr. Twombly and two mechanics took their places. Our rendezvous was Central Park. I jumped in my monoplane, the engine started nicely, and a few seconds later I was up.

Flying around the field twice, I reached the height of 2,500 feet and started toward New York, following the Long Island Railroad track. My plans were well prepared, and for my personal protection, as well as for the protection of the public, I decided to fly at a great altitude, so as to enable me to glide to a safe landing place in case of any sudden and unexpected trouble. That point well in mind, I kept climbing all the time. I passed over Belmont Park, Queens, Jamaica, Flushing, going higher and higher. Everything below looked like a wonderful toyland. I crossed one river and marveled at the beautiful water effect, which looked like the edge of a laced tablecloth. I crossed the East River and reached New York at about 240th Street. My altimeter registered 8,900 feet. The upper part of New York City looked to me like a blockful of tiny toy houses, the streets showing like pencil marks and the East and Hudson rivers like silvered water about an inch wide.

As I recognized my location, I decided to turn my monoplane toward the downtown section, fly over Broadway up to Fifty-ninth Street, and land in Central Park. I was flying at about sixty miles an hour, at a height of from 8,000 to 8,500 feet, and was going downtown, when my engine started to miss fire in succession and a few seconds later stopped entirely. Can I explain here what I did as quickly as I did it? No, I cannot. At such a moment thinking and acting must be done at the same time. Although I had prepared myself for emergencies by flying high, the question which arose in my mind was, Where shall I land? But previous to that and as soon as my engine



Ladis Leukovitz in the monoplane with which he flew over New York City.

stopped—and may I say nearly automatically?—I put my monoplane at a safe gliding angle. To land in Central Park with a dead engine, I did not dare. The treacherous currents coming from all the streets would be apt to upset me. So I looked at my right and in front of me, and saw on the other side of the Hudson River hills and farther across many silvery lines which I knew were running water and green spots which I took for granted were pastures, but learned, a few minutes later, were marshland.

Thinking that these spots were solid ground, I chose the biggest of them all and headed for it. Here happened my most sensational glide since I began flying. I may say, without fear of being contradicted, that it was the longest glide in the history of aviation up to date. Only a couple of seconds passed between the time my engine stopped and the time I chose my landing place. With my machine under complete control, I glided and glided and glided. I crossed the Hudson River, glided over the Palisades, and kept on gliding, now straight, again spiraling, so as to enable me to reach the exact point desired. On that long glide I found such wonderful contentment that I fancy I was smiling with the joy of it. When will my glide finish? I thought. I did not care. Everything was going so smoothly, my monoplane behaved so nicely, I could have gone on for hours.

It did last nearly six minutes. During this time I covered over nine miles. Suddenly it occurred to me that, by continuing to glide in a straight line, I would go farther than the spot I chose. So I pushed my rudder to the left, and my monoplane obeyed like

a good old horse. I made a big circle and was glad to see that I was going to land in the exact center of the chosen spot. I smiled to myself and landed. But what then? As I prepared to jump out of my monoplane, something strange happened. I was turning a somersault. Something struck me slightly on the head. A moment later I found myself pinned under my monoplane. I pushed my arm through the side cloth of the fuselage, crawled from under my machine, and felt myself all over. Nothing of my person was missing. The next thing was a look for my monoplane, which lay completely overturned. But where? Can you guess? My poor aeroplane was lying in the Hackensack meadows, and the rushes in which it was buried were taller than I. I was not smiling any more. I was angry all the way through for not having taken the necessary precaution of ascertaining the character of that nice, green spot I intended to land on.

When the wheels of my monoplane reached the tall rushes, they were held and acted as a brake. Consequently, the tail of the machine, being very light, went over, with everything and everybody in it—and everybody was I. The machine turned a complete somersault at three feet from the ground, and the jarring broke the fuselage in three places and smashed one wing. Neither the engine nor the propeller had a scratch. Immediately an immense crowd assembled. After having telephoned to my friends, I called several volunteers to help me dismantle my aeroplane. We took it apart and had half of it out of the meadows when a group of friends arrived, with mechanics and tools. As it was getting dark, quite a number of volunteers helped take the monoplane apart, before the water and mosquitoes would arrive. Some one lighted a match to see about a bolt, the gasoline which ran out of the tank blazed up, and part of the plane was burned.

The experience of Mr. Twombly and the party in the automobile following me was also exciting. As my monoplane was going at nearly sixty miles an hour, Mr. Twombly was obliged to exceed the speed limit to follow me. Near Jamaica a traffic officer spied him and took to chasing. Mr. Twombly would have escaped, but the roads were so bad as to prevent him. Explaining that they were following an aviator, the officer kindly let them go, warning them to go easy. Instead, they started at full speed. The officer jumped on his motorcycle to arrest them in reality this time, when something went wrong with his motorcycle and the officer went one way and the motorcycle the other. Of course I missed my engagement to meet the party in Central Park.

A Thrilling Adventure in a Balloon

By GEORGE SHERIDAN



A. HOLLAND FORBES.

One of America's most expert balloonists.

AS THE coffee was brought and cigarettes were lighted at the conclusion of a little dinner enjoyed by a group of members prominent in the Aero Club of America, the conversation turned naturally to flyers and flying. Almost every member of the group had at some time made a wild trip through the air merely for the love of the sport. As one by one they contributed to the entertainment by relating incidents from personal experiences, I marveled at the lengths to which man will go for pleasure.

The following ballooning experiences of A. Holland Forbes, president of the Aero Club of Connecticut and an enthusiastic amateur balloonist, have been taken largely from the log of his trip. I have combined it with a remembrance of his reminiscences related at the dinner. It gives a fairly comprehensive idea of what balloonists maintain is the greatest sport in the world.

"Although I have been a participant in many of the notable balloon events of the past several years, there are two trips that stand out as especially impressed upon my mind by marvelous escapes from what looked like certain death. I recall, first, the bursting of my balloon, the *Conqueror*, over Berlin, in October, 1908, in the Gordon Bennett international race; and, second, my eventful journey in my new balloon, the *Viking*, in a try-out trip from Quincy, Ill., that ended with a unique accident and an uncerecermonious landing in the Kentucky wilds, in May, 1910. I invited John Carrington Yates to accompany me as my aide on this latter trip. It was his first journey in the air.

"We shipped the *Viking* by express to Quincy, leaving New York on the afternoon of Friday, May 6th, and reached Quincy at six o'clock the following evening. To our surprise we found a committee delegated to receive us at the train and were escorted in state to the hotel, where a banquet was given in our honor by the leading citizens.

"The *Viking* is one of the finest racing balloons

ever built, the envelope consisting of twenty films of rubber and two layers of Chinese silk, vulcanized together. Each square yard of this material weighs only five ounces and tests to withstand a pressure of ninety pounds to the inch. The balloon has a capacity of eighty thousand cubic feet of gas. The car is three and one-half feet wide by five and one-half feet long, providing ample space for one occupant to lie down and sleep while the other remains on watch. The *Viking*, when inflated and with the car resting on the ground, is as high as a nine-story building.

"Probably no balloon in America ever started on a long voyage better equipped. The car was well stocked with food, fresh water, fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, maps of every State east of the Mississippi and Canada, aneroid, staticscope, compass, water anchor, life preservers, field glasses, etc. As the winds were light, we decided to start for the altitude instead of the distance record, on the afternoon of Monday, May 9th. The filling of the gas bag began at twelve-fifteen p. m., under the direction of Samuel Baldwin. We were able to get away, in the presence of a big crowd, at six-fifty, with thirty-three bags of sand (1,650 pounds) ballast.

"Upon leaving the ground, we traveled toward the southeast. The city, with its noise and confusion, slowly faded in the twilight and darkness gradually settled about us. I shall never forget that night trip—the most delightful of the many I have experienced. We drifted down the course of the Mississippi, crossing and recrossing the river four times before dawn. It was early May and, although we had no moon, the night was beautiful. The sounds of earth rose to our ears, the faint peeping of the frogs in the marshes, the barking of dogs from the quiet farmhouses, the puffing of a freight engine pulling its load. At two-fifteen we had our first view of Halley's comet, which shone brilliantly, with a long, sweeping tail of fire. The grandeur of the country below, the luminous reflection from the water and the glorious illumination of the heavens combined to make a picture too wonderful for description. There is a mistaken idea that there is an unusual darkness above the earth. In truth, the stars are a thousand times more brilliant than when seen from the earth.

"At four-fifty a. m. we were over Gilmore, Mo., at an elevation of 1,175 feet, having traveled toward

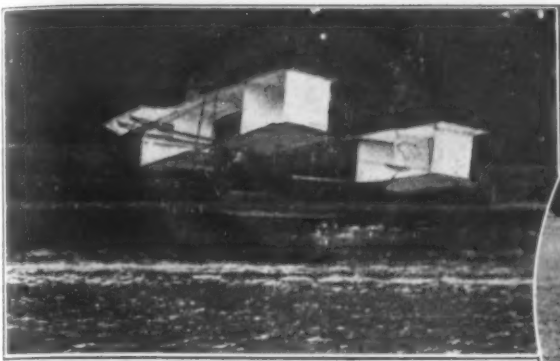
the south-southwest after midnight. At six a. m. we reached a height of 4,600 feet, and at six-fifty we crossed the Missouri River and passed over St. Charles, Mo., at a height of 6,500 feet, after going up to catch the eastern current. In this effort we were successful and headed due east, although the drift was very slight. We again crossed the Mississippi, about ten miles north of St. Louis, at seven-twenty-three a. m. At eight o'clock the wind shifted towards a point south of east. A few minutes past nine, when passing over the town of Nashville, Ill., at an altitude of about 8,000 feet, we suddenly began to drop. Up to this time, we had been in the air over fourteen hours and used only six bags of sand, which was remarkable ballooning. We commenced to throw out ballast, but did not get our balance until we were within 800 feet of the ground, having used six more bags of sand. We found, afterward, that a ground storm broke over Nashville a few minutes after we passed, and the supposition is that a cold current of air came up through the atmosphere like a chimney perhaps a mile in diameter, and in moving along we struck this cold air, our gas condensed and we slowly dropped as a boy skating drops through a hole in the ice.

"At an elevation of 15,400 feet, at eleven-forty, we passed through the first snowstorm, and at one-forty passed through a second flurry, at a height of 16,400 feet. We made a record at two-five p. m., when we reached an altitude of 20,600 feet—higher by several thousand feet than any authentic record made in America. Our aneroid was limited to register up to this altitude. After throwing overboard several bags of sand, my staticscope, which we carefully watched, showed us mounting at great speed, and from our figures we estimate that we reached an altitude of 26,200 feet—nearly five miles above the earth.

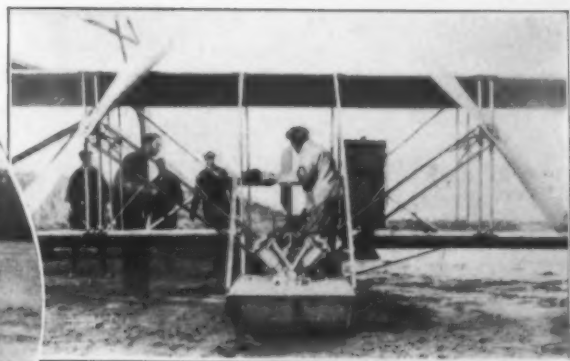
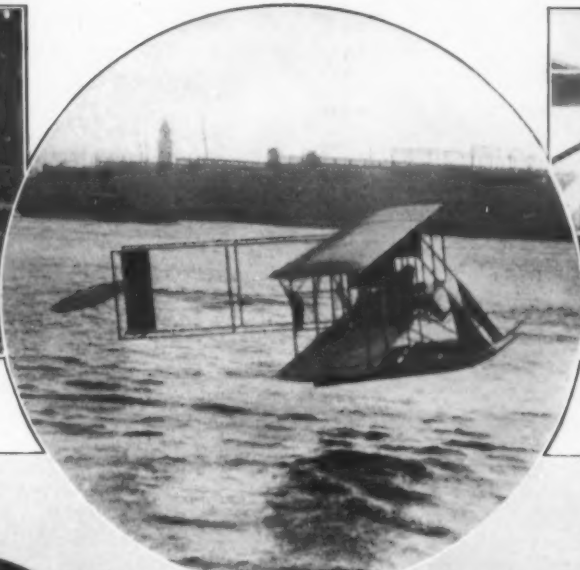
"I noticed Mr. Yates was seemingly very white. I had a tired feeling myself—just wanted to lie down. We suffered for want of oxygen—the air pressure at that altitude is not more than six pounds per square inch and one can hardly breathe. At sea level the air pressure is 14.7 pounds per square inch. At two-thirty-one p. m. the *Viking* began to descend from this great elevation, and at three-fifty-five p. m. we were 1,800 feet above the earth, with only six

(Continued on page 549.)

Craft that are Boats and Birds



The Arch leacon biplane with pontoons.

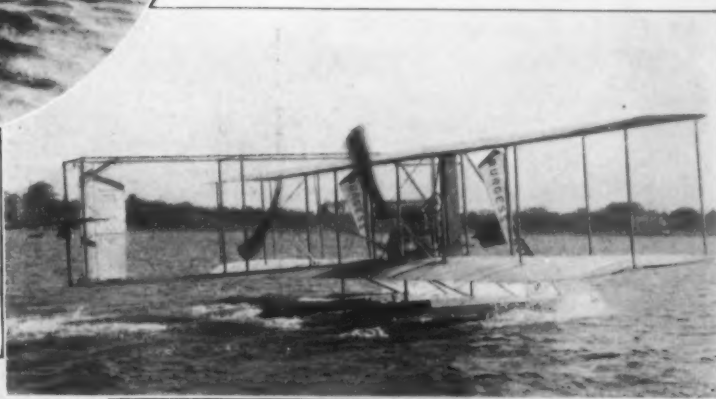


Latest type of Curtiss flying boat.



Curtiss hydroaeroplane triad (land, water and air flight).

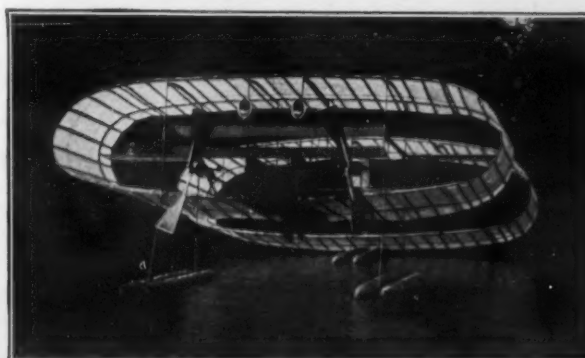
Coffyn in a Wright hydroaeroplane leaving the water, Hudson River.



A Burgess machine just leaving the water.



The biplane Coudron-Fabre starting from shore at Monaco.

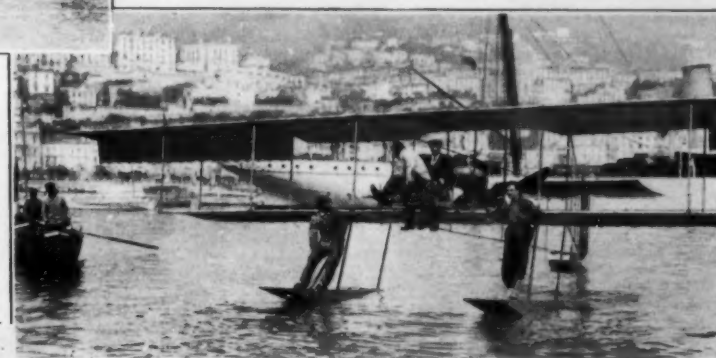


A Bleriot-Voisin. Note double propellers in front and pontoons.



A Bleriot-Voisin with propellers in back and long pontoons.

Rugere in the Canard Voisin hydroaeroplane at Monaco.

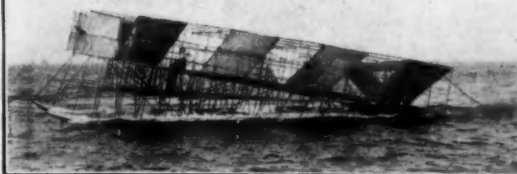


Farman hydroaeroplane, Fisher, pilot; four passengers, two on floats.

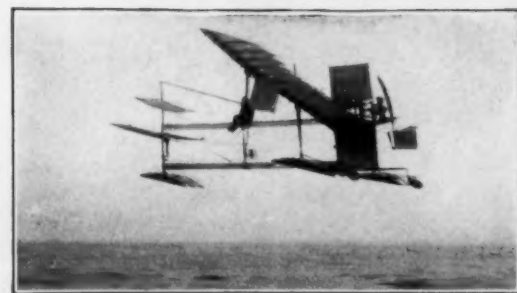
INGENUITY has been busy in devising machines which will ride the water as well as negotiate the air. Hydroplanes have been under experiment for years, and something of the hydroplane idea enters into the construction of the pontoons or boats which, when attached to the aeroplane, transform it into what is now commonly called the hydroaeroplane. This machine, although that purpose has been enlarged upon in some experiments, is simply an aeroplane designed to rise from the water instead of the land.

The idea of the hydroaeroplane is traced to three of the French pioneers of aviation—Ernest Archdeacon, Gabriel Voisin and Louis Bleriot. When working together, these clever Frenchmen fitted Chanute-Wright gliders with which they were experimenting with pontoons, after wrecking several machines by falls on land, on the theory that falls in the water would be less dangerous. They had indifferent success in various experiments, but the idea persisted with them and was taken up by others, until to-day a great variety of its applications have practical use. The earlier experiments failed, it is said by experts, more because of a lack of appreciation of the power needed in these machines, which, with the gradual increase of motive force, have become successful.

Forlanini, an Italian, in 1905, applied for a patent for a hydroaeroplane, with an idea of improving greatly upon previous devices, including hydroplanes.



Aeroplane of Israel Ludlow.



Fabre flying in the first hydroaeroplane at Monaco.

"One of the essential features of my invention," said he, "is that a boat constructed in accordance therewith will be capable not only of skimming over the surface of the water, but may be also used as a flying machine of the aeroplane type." This in-

ventor, however, did not carry his conception to a practical conclusion.

Various successful devices, the results of later experiments, are illustrated on this page. The first to leave the water with a hydroaeroplane driven by power was Henri Fabre, a French engineer, in 1910. Glenn H. Curtiss experimented at Keuka Lake, New York, early in the same year, landing on the water with his biplane, to which pontoons had been fitted. His Albany-to-New-York flight followed along the course of the Hudson River, and he experimented later with success on a modified device in San Diego Bay, in 1911. His feat of landing alongside the cruiser *Pennsylvania* is remembered. He was hoisted aboard that vessel by the ship's crane and dropped overboard again, flying to shore. Other experiments were made by Curtiss, and the notable feats of his pupils are remembered. Several naval officers took up the machine after his exhibitions and qualified as aviators. The Burgess-Wright hydroaeroplane was successful from the first, the craft being the regular Wright biplane fitted with flat-bottomed floats. Frank T. Coffyn fitted two aluminum floats with runners to a Wright biplane, and in it traveled over ice and over water, and rose in the air with it, carrying passengers. Accounts of the experiments with the Burgess hydroaeroplanes in Florida have been published, and studies of the possibilities of such machines are making everywhere.

Theory and Practice in



First type of Voisin built 1907 in France.



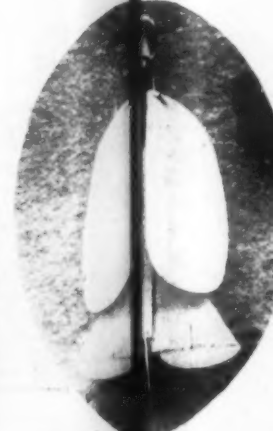
Bleriot Canard, 1907, on its trial flight.



The Cornu helicopter built in 1908—altitude record twenty inches.



Esnault Pelterie in the first torpedo monoplane, 1907-1908.



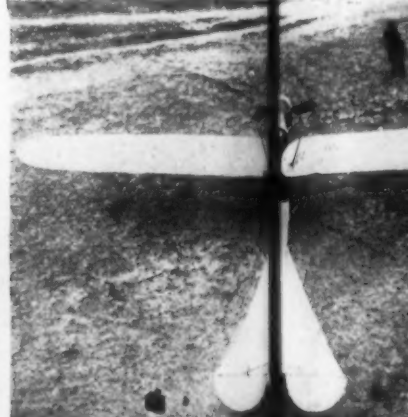
Folding monoplane, beetle-shaped, recent invention seen in Germany.



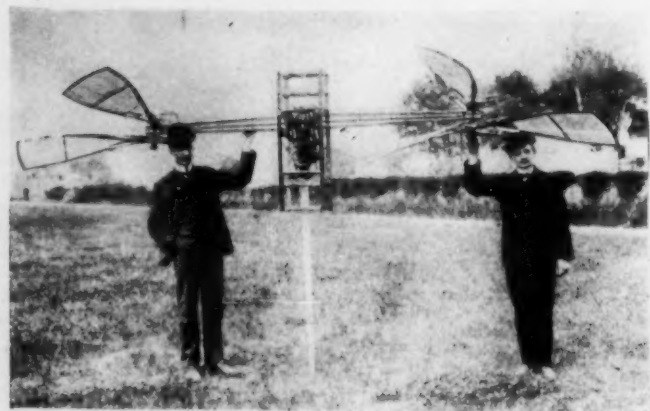
Biplane constructed in France and flown by Captain Ferber, in 1909.



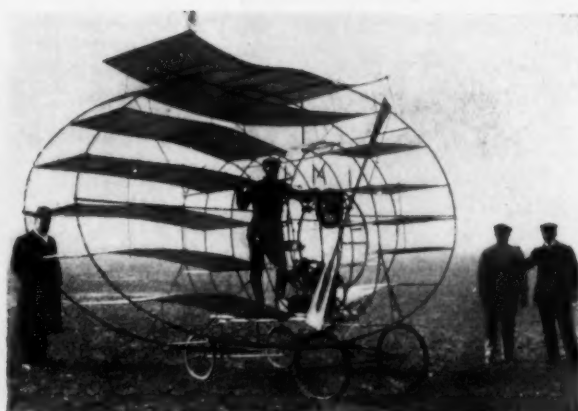
Bleriot with four-blade propeller and steel tubing chassis, 1908.



Rear view of the folding model monoplane built in Germany.



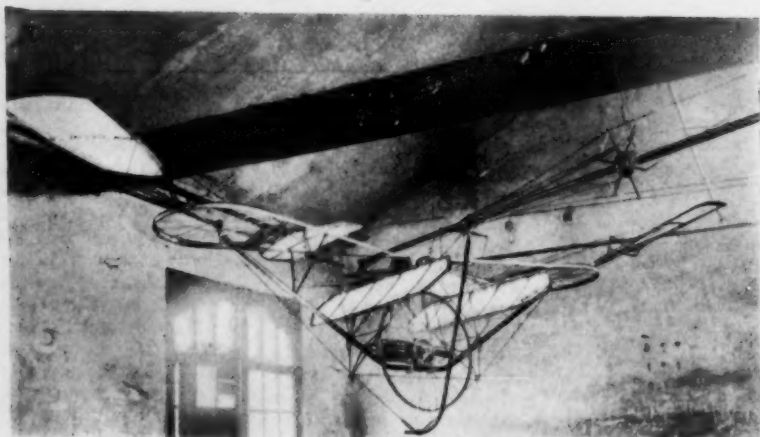
Dufaux model of helicopter, 3-horse-power engine, built 1907.



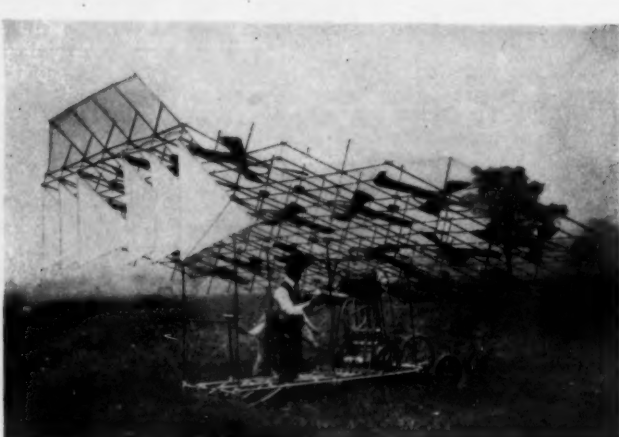
Marquis of Equenillez in curious machine, 1908. Was unsuccessful.



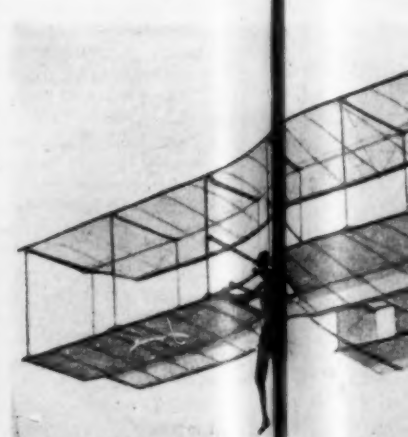
Another view of the Bleriot Canard.



Cornu helicopter model.



Kimball helicopter, 20 propellers. America, 1908. Unsuccessful.



C. Voisin with a Chanute at Touquet.

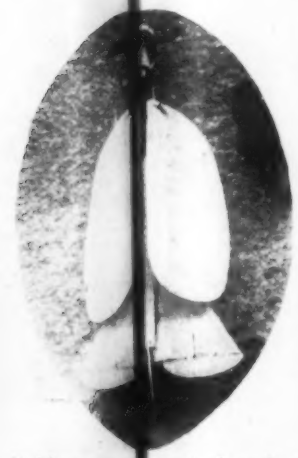
ce in the Art of Flying



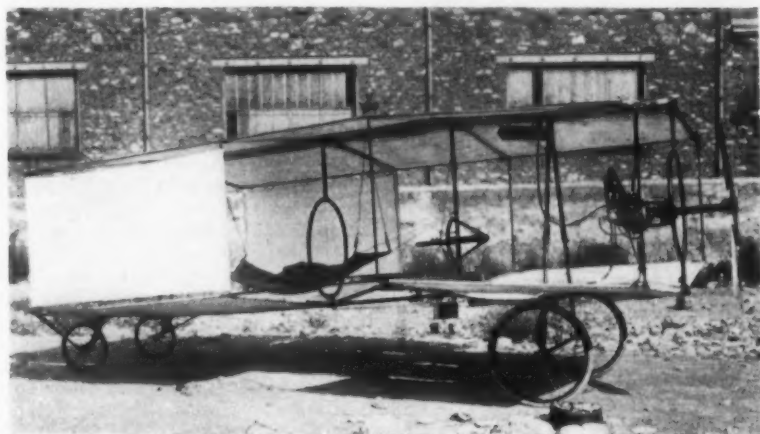
The Canard after its trial. The curved wings failed to bring desired results.



Voisin—showing peculiar propeller and chassis construction.



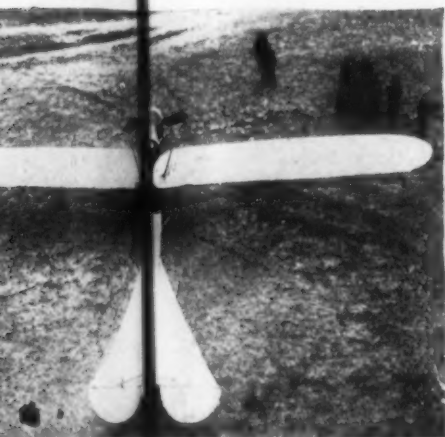
Folding monoplane, beetle-shaped. A recent invention seen in Germany.



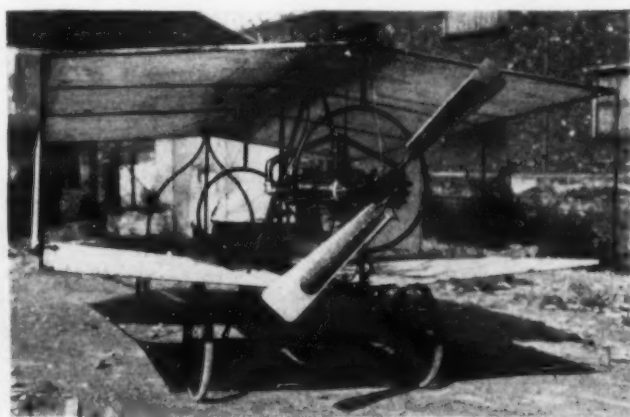
Keklein biplane, 1908. Note box-like construction of rear.



Zens type built in 1908. The elevator is interesting.



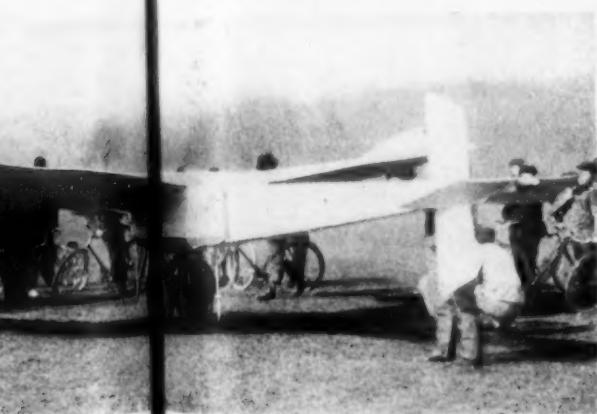
View of the folding model monoplane recently built in Germany.



Keklein biplane, 16-horse-power engine, built in France, 1908.



First monoplane built in America by Fitzner, a German engineer, in 1908.



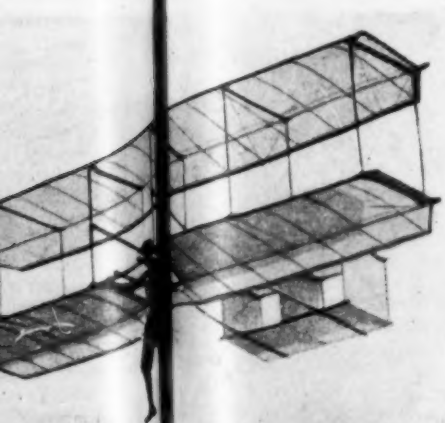
Another view of the Bleriot Canard.



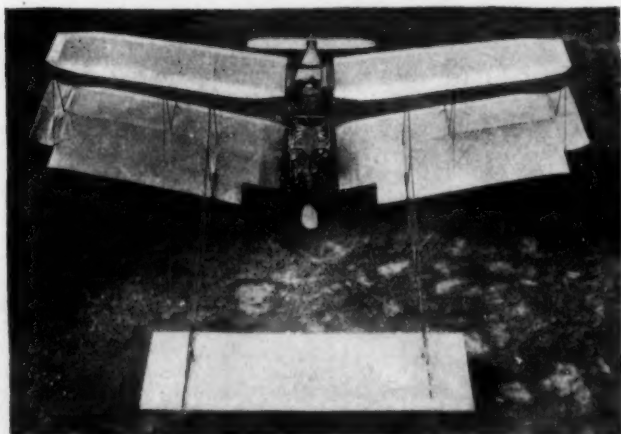
Improved model of Voisin. Note folding wings. Built in France, 1907.



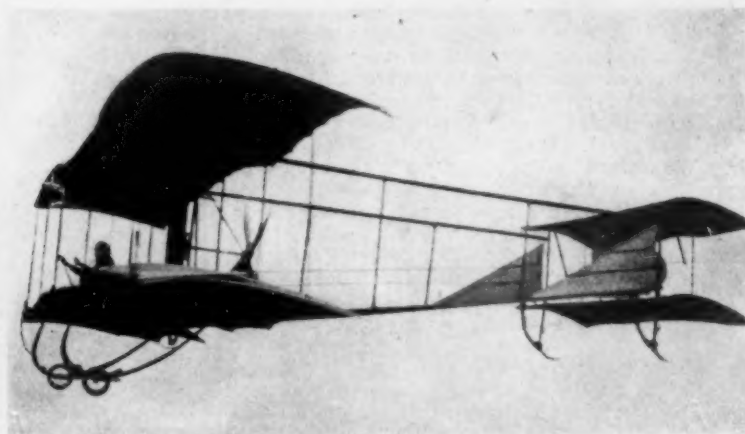
Torpedo aeroplane built in 1908 in France by Tatin. Note propeller back of planes.



Chanute with a Chanute biplane at Touquet, France, 1907.



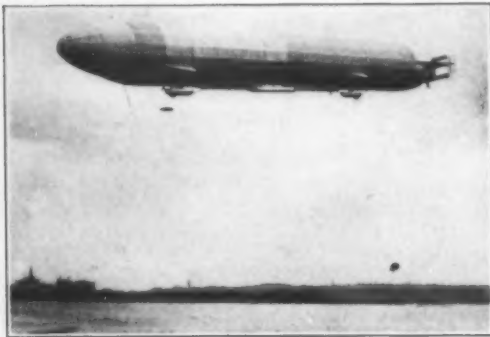
Zens brothers' biplane, 50-horse-power engine.



Curious biplane model, built in 1909.

An American Woman's Trip in an Airship

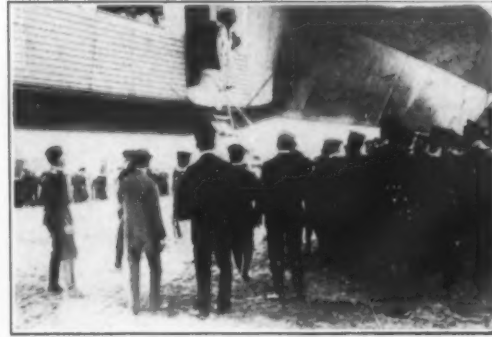
By ELIZABETH ROY



The Zeppelin airship "Schwaben" flying over the River Havel, at Potsdam.



Looking down upon Dusseldorf from the Zeppelin airship "Schwaben" in passage. (Upper picture.)



Arrival of the Zeppelin airship "Schwaben" at Potsdam. Mistress Spemann, the opera singer, disembarking.

THAT we had "cold feet" there was no doubt when it came to the actual acceptance of Baron von B.'s invitation to sail in the new Zeppelin airship *Schwaben*, especially so when we heard that nine of the same craft had been destroyed during the past years of experiment and that the trip scheduled was only the craft's third trip, while we were among the first women to ascend. However, when I left a "call" at the office of our hotel at Baden-Baden, I had no idea that, when I heard the loud rapping on my door at daybreak next morning, it would wake me with such a start or that it would seem as though I was answering "Yes" to my very doom. We were obliged to rise at that hour, as some one had said that we must go "up" before the sun was hot. Ethel and I made a hasty toilet, and, contrary to our usual custom, had very little to say to each other. At times the stillness was oppressive and our occasional remarks were of a foreboding sort. Presently I saw Ethel sitting at her desk, writing furiously. I asked her what she was writing at that hour of the morning, when we had no time to spare. She replied that it was a farewell letter to her husband.

This letter she pinned (with what I thought a trembling hand and tear-dimmed eyes) on the mirror of her dressing table. That reminded me that I had a family in America who might like to receive what was left of me in the event of an accident, so I wrote my address, where to send my "remains"! When we were finally dressed and had what might be our last cup of coffee in this beautiful world, we gathered up our jewels, locked the doors and took the keys and valuables to the office, all with the feeling of taking a "last look." Our taxi seemed to speed all too soon to the train. The ride of ten minutes took us to the little station at Oos, where the "Luftschiffhalle" (Balloon Hall) was located and where the monster was housed. As I stepped from the train, I realized that it was not yet too late to "back out"; but there was something which kept prodding me on. A short walk brought us to the huge shed, which seemed to be hundreds of feet long, with tremendous swinging doors opening the entire building at one end.

Our party consisted of five—the baron, Kurt, Manfred, Ethel and myself. I do not know just what the baron's feelings were about our going at the last moment; I hardly think he had taken us seriously when he suggested the flight. We reached the "Hall" and entered through a small door into what seemed to be booking offices, like those of steamship lines. There were tables with ledgers and business-looking men about, and a general air of something important going on. We passed from there out into what looked like the nave of a cathedral, hundreds of feet long, with a high-arched ceiling, and there, taking up the entire interior from end to end, was the *Schwaben*—the great airship that was to carry us to regions of the unknown. A first glimpse at the thing was a "thriller" and fairly took my breath away. The balloon part was made of white canvas, which gave the vessel a phantom-like look. It was made in compartments, like an ocean steamer, so that if the exterior were punctured the rest would remain intact.

The entire body or framework was made entirely of aluminum. Suspended from each end of the dirigible were what resembled two boats, also of aluminum. The forward one was for the pilots; the one aft contained the three motors. Hanging on the outside of these boats were canvas bags, holding water. The passenger car (also of aluminum) was built on the center. It looked like one of our Pullman cars without wheels. It was attached to the body of the balloon by the roof. It was a most inviting-looking affair. We watched with interest the preparations going on for our flight, such as trying out motors, the huge propellers flying round and round, creating a wind with the fury of a veritable hurricane. The noise of the motors was deafening, but we gave it no heed as we contemplated the beauty of this weird "bird." The lines were so curious and yet so beautiful that she looked as though she might have flown down to us from Venus.

There was no confusion, everything being done with clock-like precision, although there were many men at work. At last we were ready for the start. The captain called out, "All aboard!" and we climbed the gangway, or a short flight of stairs, up to the car, which was a revelation as to comfort. The in-



The author and companions enjoying a dejeuner on board.

terior was handsomely furnished, there being a thick red carpet on the floor and many luxurious easy chairs arranged at each side. Where the windows should have been all was open. From this car we could walk from one end to the other through the interior of the balloon, there being a corridor. In this way we could see the nature of the aluminum construction, which was most interesting. The steward attended to our comfort in many ways, and served us a delicious dejeuner with champagne; but it seemed a waste of time to do anything but drink in the wonder of it all. I learned from him later that this was his sixtieth trip, he having been on board all the wrecked Zeppelins.

All the crew, consisting of captain, director, doctor, pilots, engineers and helpers, were a splendid-looking lot of fellows, with strong, determined faces. I felt reassured when I saw them. The crew remained in the "boats" fore and aft. We settled ourselves comfortably in the car to await developments. Soon we began to move, so slowly, so silently you could have heard a pin drop, in spite of a myriad of spectators who came from everywhere to watch the performance. We were still connected with terra firma by dozens of ropes hanging beneath us, each held by a man. They walked along pulling us carefully out of the building through the opening at the end where the big doors were. All this time our motors and propellers were silent. The men only pulled us out into a field to a huge, round, flat stone,

which was the starting point. When we reached this mark, we righted ourselves as to the direction we were going to take.

The men let go the ropes, and in an instant we began to soar, the motors coming into action, and we left a crowd of gaping, awe-stricken people in our wake. We sailed along smoothly and quietly, with absolutely no vibration or noise (no more so than if you were seated in your own house). It appeared as though we were stationary and Mother Earth was leaving us behind. Over fields we sailed, over forests, where we saw an occasional deer; over moving railway trains, over the Rhine, over the birds, which it seemed queer to be looking down upon instead of up at; over the Black Forest, toward Freiburg and Heidelberg in one direction; then, turning our course toward Karlsruhe and Strassburg, we covered many small towns and villages too numerous to mention. People flew from out of their houses like lunatics, waving frantically at us. Children rushed from school buildings like bees out of a hive. Human beings looked no larger than flies, and we could only faintly hear the cries of cheering; but we could see that every one was wild with delight at the sight of us.

The landscape resembled a map. We were what seemed to be thousands of feet high, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour above the clouds. There was no feeling of *mal de mer*. The sensation of going through the air in this wonderful machine was one of perfect happiness. All feeling of dread or fear left us, all cares and weariness were forgotten, and in their stead there were contentment and security. It is difficult to express it in words, so great is the desire to remain forever on board, sailing through the air. We bought postal cards on board, which we addressed to all our friends and which were mailed from the ship by placing them in a paper bag with weights attached and dropping the bag over the side in the midst of one of the cities, in the hope of its being picked up by some good person who would mail the cards. Those I mailed I know reached their destination safely. There is no doubt that the next generation will be sailing from place to place, over oceans, over mountains, etc., as comfortably as we do now in steamships and railroad trains.

The only bitter drop on the entire trip was the realization that we were coming to our journey's end, for we had become entranced with flying. When we came to the big round stone again, the motors stopped, and hovering over it for a moment, the airship slowly and quietly descended. The men in waiting grasped the ropes, which were hanging from below us, walked us gently into the "hall" exactly in the same spot from where we started, and when the *Schwaben* was actually moored, we gathered ourselves together as though we had been dropped from the sky or awakened from a wonderful dream.

Military Plans for Air Machines.

DIRIGIBLE airships were employed in war for the first time at Tripoli, by the Italians, who sent two over the city and its environs. While flying at 6,000 feet, bombs were dropped into the Turkish intrenchments with terrible effect, and Turkish firing in the air had no result.

The British War Office has offered a first prize of \$20,000 and a second of \$10,000 for a competition in military aeroplanes, open to manufacturers all over the world. Smaller prizes are offered for similar competitions in which only British subjects and machines may compete.

The French army will have 335 aeroplanes by the end of 1912, and a great national subscription is raising to increase this number to 800 in 1913. The wave of patriotism inspired by French success in this field promises thousands of aeroplanes for the army eventually. The government has been asked to devote \$7,000,000 to this project, and has already allowed a third of this sum. It is proposed to equip a regiment with 234 officers to serve as pilots, 210 to act as observers, 42 as mechanics, 1,710 as non-commissioned officers and 550 privates.

In Germany elaborate plans have been made for airships to be associated with the army of that country, including great dirigibles as machines of offense. And the United States is not behind European countries in contemplating this "fourth arm," although this country has not yet gone to the practical lengths that mark the operations abroad.

The Call of the Sky.

WHEN balmy breezes from the fields
The breath of blossoms bear,
I long to hear the whirling planes
Beneath me beat the air.
I yearn to start the motor up,
And take my spiral flight
Above the clouds that spread below
Like beds of lilies white.

What joy to graze the rainbow's edge,
And stem the morning's gold,
And see around me as I fly
The universe unfold.
To float from azure height to height,
And fearlessly to soar
In vast eternities of light
Where none have sailed before.

Oh! let me feel upon my brow
The virgin cold of space,
And through the silence of the spheres
In dizzy circles race.
Go creep along the dusty roads,
With horses or with cars,
All ye who will, but give to me
The highway of the stars.

MINNA IRVING.

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Private Brands and Public Honesty

(Continued from page 534.)

such moral guarantee. Now and then there is a jobber who puts up a line of food with strict care for quality and hygienic conditions, but such cases are few and far between.

"For the most part, the marketer of private brands is in it for the money and nothing else; he is far more addicted to the use of adulterants than the legitimate manufacturer and the one most ignorant of the effects of chemical changes in food combinations and of scientific packing generally. He ordinarily puts up his goods to sell within a single State or a limited territory. He is not looking for a national reputation, on the basis of which to make a legitimate profit, but is looking for quick and easy money. As a rule, he employs the cheapest help, he buys the raw product at the lowest possible price, and even goes in for buying the cast-off products of legitimate factories and then doctoring them. Very often the retail grocer feels he must buy the jobber's private brands because he is in debt to the jobber.

"We manufacturers spend millions of dollars in advertising honest goods, prepared by experts, for we know that the public has a right to know the truth regarding its food—which is the material of its life, the foundation of its best wealth, which is health. Advertised goods make for public honesty, but private brands do not."

Which verdict is, of course, reversed by the spokesmen for the other side.

"The name-on-the-label law would be a piece of freak legislation of the freakiest kind," declares one leading authority for the threatened interests. "It would serve no good purpose. It would do harm in many directions. The consumer would in no way be benefited by knowing the name of the man or firm who actually packed the goods sold under a brand name by a wholesaler. As a matter of fact, there is no demand on the part of the public for such information. The words of such a demand, however, are being put in the mouths of the public by those who would financially benefit by such a law, and the consumers may be led on to support the proposition. And the only beneficiaries—who are the manufacturers of what are called the standard brands—would give absolutely no value in return for the value received, which would be his unfair advantage over his non-advertising competitor, who packs food for sale to a more limited public than the standard man, but who, on the whole, exercises quite as much care in the selection of good goods and their proper packing as does the other fellow.

"John Smith may be a packer of tomatoes. If he packs them for Tom Jones, who is a jobber, and Tom Jones promotes their sale under his brand, then he, the brand owner, is the essential packer and responsible party. If the goods are pure and of high quality, he is entitled to the emolument for putting fine goods on the market. If they are poor, he will suffer. The majority of consumers do not care who packs or makes their food products, provided they are clean, pure and wholesome. If retail grocers and the consumers generally really in all cases preferred standard brands to private brands, they would cease buying the latter and they would pass from the market.

"Meanwhile, everybody understands that the firm or individual that distributes package goods under his own brand is responsible to the consumer, no matter who actually makes or packs the goods. Reputable wholesalers are entitled to as much confidence as the advertising manufacturers, and when they put goods on the market under their own name, they stand back of them. All this talk of the name-on-the-label law being a step in the direction of honesty is strained and out of place. If the so-called national-brand people were allowed to have it all their own way, they would virtually dictate to the food trade and the public would lose the protection now afforded it by the competition of the private brand."

To which argument the supporters of the proposed reform reply by saying that those among the packers and sellers of private-brand foods who put up pure, high-grade articles have nothing to fear from the honest statement of the name of the actual maker. It would be the

careless or criminal packer and handler who would be put in the searchlight in such a manner as to suffer, and why should the pure-food merchants waste sympathy on the men who bring scandal and, in the end, positive financial damage upon the business—a business which performs, when well done, a public service of the most indispensable kind. Plain statements of fact can hurt no honest man or honest cause.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

THE APPALLING loss of life in the Titanic disaster, with all of its suggestion in other directions, brings strongly to the minds of the thoughtful the necessity for life insurance. Among the more than sixteen hundred persons who lost their lives on this ill-fated ship there were many who carried life insurance, as is shown by the fact that a score or more companies had issued policies upon persons lost that aggregated nearly three million dollars, according to the latest estimate.

The loss of the Titanic on her maiden voyage was probably never considered by any one among its two thousand or more passengers as a remote possibility. In fact, the confidence reposed by passengers in the stanchness of this great ship, even after she had struck an iceberg, led to the loss of many lives that might have been saved had the active work of rescue been at once begun.

The terrible toll of death that resulted should convince every person who does not carry life insurance of the necessity for such a provision at all times, and especially when the risks of travel are undertaken. Aside from the loss through this disaster of straight life-insurance companies, the accident-insurance companies suffered an aggregate loss of approximately two million dollars, and this fact should be heeded also as indicating the wisdom of accident insurance on the part of everybody who undertakes a journey by land or sea.

F. L. Anaconda, Mont.: The National of Vermont stands very well. If your father is not insurable elsewhere, it might be well to continue the payment of the assessments, for the present. If they become too oppressive, you can discontinue.

W. Merriam, Kans.: The Homesteaders of Des Moines are in the assessment class. For reasons frequently given I do not favor assessment insurance with its possibility of a heavy increase in the assessments when they are hardest to be borne.

H. Charlestown, Mass.: I do not advise the purchase of stock in any of the new life insurance companies that are being exploited on promises of large returns. These are not justified. It would be difficult to find a market for the stock in case you needed the money.

F. Vancouver, B. C.: The Travelers Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn., is one of the oldest and strongest companies. It pays its claims promptly and has a high reputation for dealing fairly with its policyholders. I know of no better company in which to take a life or accident policy.

L. Port Jefferson, N. Y.: 1. It would be well to drop the assessment insurance. 2. The Twenty Payment Life is a good policy for your circumstances, but a straight life would serve your purpose and your plan of depositing the difference would work all right. Advise you to write to the Travelers Life, Hartford, Conn. Mention the Hermit.

A. San Diego, Cal.: There are different kinds of endowment policies, some payable in 10, others in 15 or 20 years. It would be very easy to figure out the best one for yourself. State your age and write to the Travelers Life Co., Hartford, Conn., for the figures. Any company will be glad to give them to readers who will write and mention the Hermit.

L. Concordia, Kans.: It is hardly fair to compare the cost of management of a new with that of an older company because in a new company it costs money to build up its business. For this reason, the well-established companies are regarded more favorably by insurers. Get the rates of some of the leading companies, compare them with what you pay and see if you feel justified in making a change. It is a matter for personal decision.

Hermit

Woman's Work in Politics.

Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, Wife of the Congressman

IT SEEMS to me that in a democracy two things are essential—religion and enlightenment. And I believe that in these women can take an important part. She can direct and exact the ideals of her sons and menfolk. And she can teach them things. She is the teacher of men. She can teach them love for our country, and she can teach them the responsibility of suffrage. She can teach them to know by heart our Constitution and laws, and how to preserve them. And in this way woman's work in politics can begin at the cradle, bringing men up to be good citizens, and can go on to the grave, bolstering them up while they are good citizens.

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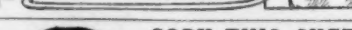
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Own an Interest In a Railroad

Do you appreciate that in purchasing a high class railroad stock or bond that you become a co-partner in this railroad property, and that from the President down to the section foreman the entire organization employing thousands of men is working to build up your property and make it more valuable in time to come?

They are doing this without the slightest effort on your part and at the same time are paying you 5% or 6% for the use of your money regardless of the increase in value of your stock as an investment.

Our Pocket Manual, revised monthly, gives you all the data on each road. Each week we issue a special letter regarding some particular security which we believe is not only a safe investment but shows a good return. Sent on request.

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Members of [New York Stock Exchange
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47 Exchange Place,

New York

1898-1912
John Muir & Co.
Specialists In
Odd Lots

We are brokers for investors and speculators who trade on a small scale.

We buy and sell stocks in quantities of one share and upward.

We carry on margin 10 shares and upward.

Send for Circular B—"ODD LOTS"

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, - NEW YORK

Investors

Wanting to buy Listed Stocks or Bonds for investment and are not prepared to pay in full for them can arrange with us to have them carried on a reasonable margin.

Correspondence is solicited.

WALSTON H. BROWN & BROS.

Members New York Stock Exchange
45 Wall Street New York

FRACTIONAL LOTS

We issue a Booklet

Advantages of Fractional Lot Trading

Orders Executed in Unlisted Securities
J. F. PIERSON, Jr., & Co.

(MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE)

74 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY
884 Columbus Ave.

A MARKET FOR HUNDRED DOLLAR BONDS

Don't invest even \$100 unless you are sure you can sell at any time. We make a Market for all high class and conservative \$100 and \$500 Bonds yielding from 4 to 6%.

We publish a Booklet telling what a HUNDRED DOLLAR BOND is, what different kinds there are and how to buy them.

Write for booklet "L-4."

Beyer & Company

"The Hundred Dollar Bond House"

54 William St. New York

Special Letters on
AMERICAN BEET SUGAR
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO.
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INQUIRIES INVITED.

SLATTERY & CO.

DEALERS IN STOCKS AND BONDS

Est. 1908 40 Exchange Place, New York

How to Accumulate \$1,000.00

Not a difficult thing to do. Buy one of our Easy Payment, Profit-sharing 5% Coupon Trust Bonds, paying interest semi-annually, and issued in denominations of \$500, up.

Write now for our Free Booklet De Luxe

It describes our new method of saving.

GUARANTEE TRUST AND BANKING CO., Atlanta, Ga.
Bond Department Established 1899.
CAPITAL \$500,000.00.



WORKMEN BECOMING CAPITALISTS.

A group of employees at the Homestead (Pa.) Steel Mills of the Carnegie Steel Company who collectively own about \$100,000 worth of United States Steel Corporation stock, bought on the employees' stock subscription plan. These men are of all occupations in the works and of many nationalities.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DON'T believe everything you read. Some people don't believe half that they see. It is safe to say that misleading articles have done more than anything else to facilitate the sale of worthless securities. Mines of little value, but capitalized for millions, plantations undeveloped, not costing ten cents an acre and capitalized at a thousand times that figure, magazines struggling for a foothold and paying dividends out of money received from sales of stock have all been exploited through the columns of publications good and bad.

In the recent trial of some mining sharks in New York City which resulted in their conviction, it was developed that they published a little mining journal of their own, in which they printed the most ridiculous stories regarding the value of the mining stocks they were selling. These reports included fictitious statements of mining experts as to the value of the mining properties.

If a purchaser of shares became suspicious of the value of the stock and wrote to the company, he would at once receive a marked copy of this mining publication, containing glowing accounts of the wonderful wealth of the mine in which he had an interest. If a stockholder sought to sell his stock and wrote to the company to ask for a price, he received a letter at once, inclosing an extract, written by one of the swindlers himself for the mining paper that he edited and published, in which were set forth promises and even "guarantees" of a rapid rise in the value of the shares.

Finally, when the whole proposition collapsed, the holders of stock were offered something else in exchange, with a promise that the new stock would certainly be entirely satisfactory. Thus the game was kept up until the "sucker list" was exhausted. In a trial at St. Louis, where a party was charged with using the mail to defraud, a woman from Arkansas testified that she sold her home in order to raise money to put \$500 into the enterprise. All she ever got back was \$15. A man from California testified that he invested \$1,000, because he thought that the proposition was "guaranteed."

It is inconceivable that men and women will accept the words of strangers in matters of such importance. Yet, when we consider how plausible the schemer is, we can understand why his victims are so numerous. It must be a serious condition of affairs when the postal authorities have to take precautions to prevent people from throwing their money away, and when a great State like Kansas must delegate its bank commissioner to examine into corporations that offer stock for sale and decide whether they have merit or not.

This looks as if the people were not able to take care of themselves. I wonder whose fault it is? Let us all stop and think about that for a while. It may make some of us ashamed of ourselves. It may put some others on their mettle. It will make us all more careful of what we do.

But if people are so credulous as to believe the preposterous stories of gold-brick swindlers, is it surprising that they listen to foolish theories about finance and economics? Is it remarkable that a proposition to debase our currency to the level of that of China by adopting the silver standard was endorsed by millions of thoughtless people who knew nothing about finance? They thought that Bryan knew all about it, though he had never been a banker, a financier or a man of large business affairs.

To take his advice on a great financial question was like going to the blacksmith's for the doctor. Yet some of us did it and a good many people are now listening to the wildest kind of theories of government ever projected in this country. They are not being advocated by men of culture, of intellect and of the highest education, but by superficial thinkers jumping at conclusions, willing to try experiments, having little at stake, and not, therefore, greatly concerned over the outcome as long as the agitation gives them publicity and possibly a public office.

People are asking what is the matter with business. The trouble is with the people themselves. They listen to some fine orator who pretends to be their friend and champion, but who is only after their votes. This has gone on so long that the game is getting worn out. All over the country a reaction against frenzied politics is being felt. The people are getting tired of the demagogue and the disturber.

The corporations have learned that they must obey the law. They are now under such restrictions that disobedience means heavy penalties. Let them alone. Let the trust-busting and railway-smashing cease. Give business a chance. Open the factory. Increase the wage. Give the people all the luxuries and comforts they can properly enjoy, and let us all remember that the best work we can do is to work for the common welfare and not every one for himself.

I still believe that this is to be a year of better times and greater prosperity. A little later on we shall know whether the crop outlook is good or bad. There is no reason why it ought not to be good. In a very few months we shall know whom we are to have as presidential candidates and on what kind of platforms they will stand. In view of the conservative tendencies now manifesting themselves among some of our most thoughtful political leaders, we may hope for the best. Perhaps these are some of the reasons why there is a better feeling in financial circles and greater strength in the stock market.

B. Coushatta, La.: I have no opinion on the stocks of the two insurance companies, as I have no knowledge of their condition or management. But they apparently are small concerns, and you will do well to be careful about buying their stock.

(Continued on page 547.)

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

We own and offer subject to prior sale the Preferred and Common Stock of the

E.T. Burrowes Co.

PORTLAND, MAINE

Well-Known Manufacturers of
Rustless Wire Screens

COMMON STOCK DIVIDEND RECORD

| Years | Cash Dividends | Years | Cash Dividends |
|------------------------------|----------------|------------------------|----------------|
| 1894 and '95 | 8% | 1905 | 8% |
| 1896 to '99 | 10% | 1906 and '07 | 15% |
| 1900 | 14% | 1908 (extra) | 35% |
| 1901 and '02 | 16% | 1909 | 10% |
| 1903 (extra) | 8% | 1910 | 10% |
| 1904 | 8% | 1911 (extra) | 10% |
| Jan. to April, '12 | 10% | | |

The Preferred Pays 8%

We recommend this stock as an exceptionally attractive investment

Full information concerning this offer on request. Send for circular No. 55.

BAYNE, RING & CO.

Bankers

National City Bank Building

New York 55 Wall Street Philadelphia
Chicago New York City Boston

STANDARD 6% BONDS

Denomination \$100 amounts. Issued any time. Interest begins at once. Purchasable outright or in annual payments. Redeemable in 10 years.

Security New York Real Estate. \$5 in Assets against every dollar issued.

Interest Payable semi-annually by check—providing non-fluctuating income.

Privilege Owner can convert at any time into stock, on special terms, thereby sharing in the large profits from Real Estate ownership.

Purpose N. Y. Real Estate, for permanent investment only, never for speculation. N. Y. realty is enhancing in value at rate of \$1,000,000 daily.

Record Continuous interest and dividends for 16 years. Steady surplus growth. Management, the same for 16 years—experienced, conservative men, acknowledged authorities on realty values.

An investment that combines unquestioned security with liberal return, and that is independent of political or financial uncertainties. Ask for Circular 18 before reinvesting your funds, large or small.

New York Realty Owners

Resources \$3,500,000 Cap. and Sur. \$2,500,000

489 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Aberdeen Adopts P-a-y-e Cars

Following close upon the inauguration of Pay-As-You-Enter Cars in Gates-

head, England, comes their adoption by Aberdeen, Scotland. This would seem to justify the prediction that the P-A-Y-E advance abroad will be more rapid than at home. It ought to be! The International P-A-Y-E Tramcar Co., Ltd., has back of it the prestige and financial strength of the parent American Company. Furthermore, it can prove the enormous benefits effected by the P-A-Y-E car in actual service on this side the water. If you buy International stock NOW, at the subscription price, you will share to the full in the success of the Company. That success once achieved, the stock will sell higher than the subscription price. Send for Circular P. E. No. 72, and subscription blank.

Carlisle & Company

BANKERS AND BROKERS

74 Broadway

New York

MY \$100 BOND CIRCULAR

will interest you. In this the small investor's interest is conserved equally with that of the \$500 and \$1,000 investor.

J. FRANK HOWELL

Member Consolidated Stock Exchange of N. Y.

52 Broadway, New York

Leslie's Weekly

Financial advertisements always bring satisfactory results. If you have investment offerings send us your advertisement. Pages close every Wednesday.

The Flaming Torch

CLEAN advertising — advertising as straight and true as the word from mother to son—must soon be the only advertising to which men may justly apply the name. "These goods are advertised" must carry a meaning equivalent to the sterling mark on silver. The leaders in advertising thought and merchandising efficiency are agreed that nothing less can be permitted.

A spark was struck centuries ago from which the torch of clean advertising has been lighted. "Thy neighbor as thyself" is the heart—the glowing, lambent fire whose warmth makes the blood of commerce flow with invigorating strength through the body of civilization. Who trades fairly may trade freely.

Would that every man and every woman could know the earnestness with which advertising men are passing on the torch. Men and women who were present at the public meeting in Boston last year, during the seventh annual convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, caught the spirit of the work. Those who are privileged to be in Dallas, Texas, while the eighth annual convention is being held in May, will thrill to an intensity of purpose not to be denied.

Leaders of thought and molders of opinion will be gathered in the beautiful southern city from May nineteenth to twenty-third. The magnificent progress of the advertising world in putting its house in perfect order will be made known by men whose work has been akin to that of the Crusaders.

Business or professional people who find it possible to attend will be given a welcome that will throw new light on what "Texas Hospitality" really means.

For details of transportation, accommodations and the like, ask your local Advertising Club, or write to the Secretary.

**Dallas
Advertising
League**
DALLAS, TEXAS

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 546.)

B., Boston, Mass.: Buying the stock of even an honestly managed new oil company is something of a gamble.

American, New Orleans: The company's securities are not listed, and I have no report at hand of its location or standing.

S., Springfield, Mo.: All three of the companies you specify are local, and I can tell you nothing about them.

Y., New York: The New York Central-Lake Shore collateral $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds are so well secured that they seem, as you say, very safe.

W., Henderson, Kentucky: From present appearances United Wireless will hardly be able to overcome its difficulties, and I cannot advise you to buy any more of its stock.

Subscriber, Milwaukee: The coal and lumber company at Scranton has not before been called to my attention, and I cannot advise as to the value of its stock.

P., San Francisco, Cal.: The syndicate being a local one I can give you no opinion as to the soundness of its securities. Why not consult some broker or banker in your own city?

C., Kansas City: I do not find the financial magazine in the newspaper directory, and as your sample copy was dated 1909 the publication is either defunct or has no high standing.

M., Roebing, N. J.: Not being acquainted with the condition and the workings of the realty company, I cannot pass judgment on the value of its bonds.

D., New York: It depends on whether your bond is registered or transferable. In the first case, there is a record of your purchase, and in the latter there is not.

D., Washington, D. C.: American Tobacco Pfd. (new) is selling near the figures of the old Preferred and is regarded as a good business man's investment.

H., Baltimore, Md.: I have no knowledge of the Florida fruit farms to which you refer. There is good land and poor in that state, and no one should buy until he has investigated personally or through some reliable agent.

C., Kansas City, Mo.: There are many stocks and bonds that are fairly safe and yet yield 5 per cent. These are advertised in high-class magazines and weekly newspapers. The Atchison securities are well regarded.

L., Greer, S. C.: It is out of my province to discuss the mail order business. Some have made money in it, and many more have failed. Like any other enterprise it requires push, patience, and the right sort of qualifications.

W., Montgomery, Ala.: Neither of the companies appears in accessible reference books, and I cannot recommend the purchase of their stocks. The mining company's prospectus is too rosy for full credence.

W., Jamaica, N. Y.: As the company is still in the promotion stage and has not been doing any business, the value of its shares is problematical. Your purchase is a speculation, which may or may not turn out to be fortunate.

F., York, Pa.: In the matter of your Chicago Subway bonds it might be well for you to consult a local lawyer or a financial man of good standing, giving him full details of the reorganization plan.

H., Sunbury, Pa.: A prominent authority on copper declares that the mining company you mention was promoted by plausible men who misrepresented the value of their property, and intimates that the stock is now of no value.

R., New York: While prices of stocks have lately been pretty well sustained, no one can truly foresee what the future may bring forth. There are factors which may be cited in favor of both the bull and the bear side.

F. E., Milwaukee, Wis.: None of the mining companies' stocks you name are safe investments. Few mining stocks come into that class. Good industrial and railroad securities are safer than mining stocks.

L., South Berwick, Maine: While the proposed railroad may have a territory which will eventually yield good returns, yet it is at present only in the promotion stage, and its success is uncertain. You had better put your money in securities of established and paying enterprises.

Mountain, Montpelier, Vermont: You are correct in believing that you can buy reliable stocks and bonds on the partial payment plan. You can get detailed information regarding this system by writing to Walston H. Brown & Brothers, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, New York City.

S., Milwaukee: 1. I have had no recent information from the District Attorney regarding the firm which went into the hands of a receiver. 2. I have no definite information regarding the industrial corporation named by you, and therefore cannot advise you in regard to selling it and investing in railroad stock.

C., Norwich, Conn.: 1. If you buy stock on a margin you will naturally have to sell it through the broker who bought it for you. If you buy it outright you can sell through any broker. Good listed stocks are apt to be of uniform price on all Exchanges. Brokers charge a commission both for buying and selling stocks. 2. Don't buy Bay State Gas.

American, Louisville, Ky.: I consider American Beet Sugar the best on your list. You can get definite and detailed information concerning this stock by writing to Slattery & Company, 40 Exchange Place, New York City. This firm also invites inquiries regarding U. S. Light & Heating and F. W. Woolworth Company stock.

F., Gaithersburg, Md.: 1. Both the concerns you mention are in good standing. 2. The

railroad bonds are fairly safe investments, but of the coal company I know nothing. I hesitate to recommend the purchase of Steel Common at the figure given, as it has recently had quite an advance. 3. I have no advice to give you regarding speculation in grain.

D., Bell's Valley, Va.: The 4 per cent. convertible bonds of the Norfolk & Western R.R. aggregate \$34,000,000, and may be called for redemption at 105 and interest after June 1, 1917, and prior to that date may be converted into Common stock at the holder's option. The earnings of the railroad are so large that it is in a position to increase its dividend rate.

Merchant, Roanoke, Va.: The Pay-As-You-Enter cars are meeting with favor and success wherever used, abroad as well as at home. The information you require about them and the stock issued by the company producing them may be secured by sending to Carlisle & Company, 74 Broadway, New York City, for their circular "P-E No. 72," which will be sent on request without charge.

Venture, Bangor, Maine: You have so little spare capital that you cannot speculate on a large scale. You have sufficient, however, for a margin on a small number of shares. J. F. Pierson, Jr., & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 75 Broadway, New York City, have issued a booklet, "Advantages of Fractional Lot Trading," which you can secure free by writing to them and mentioning Jasper.

Progress, Scranton, Pa.: The small investor has excellent chances now as well as the large one. Bonds are sold in denominations as low as \$100, and the sum you name will start you comfortably along this line. J. Frank Howell, a member of the Consolidated Stock Exchange, 52 Broadway, New York City, will send you, if you write for it, his \$100 bond circular, containing full information on this subject.

Hopeful, Nashville, Tenn.: With your limited means you and your friends should take no chances with mere speculative securities. Invest your money in bonds of a good class. You can get \$100 and \$500 bonds that pay more than savings bank interest. A booklet, "L-4," issued by Beyer & Company, 54 William Street, New York City, and to be had free of charge, gives much information on the subject of \$100 bonds.

Interest, Taunton, Mass.: Good railroad stocks and bonds are probably the best securities for you, in your present circumstances, to buy. You evidently, however, need to inform yourself a good deal more on the subject. You can get data on the various railroads from a manual, revised monthly, and issued, with a special weekly letter, by Alexander & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, New York City. These will be sent you free on request.

Ambitious, Troy, N. Y.: The first \$1000 is always the hardest to accumulate. Savings bank interest is now pretty low. You can get better returns by investing in good bonds. You do not have to pay the full price of a bond at once. There is a partial payment plan. The Guarantee Trust & Banking Company, Atlanta, Georgia, will, on request, send you a free booklet describing a method by which they will sell you 5 per cent. bonds in denominations of \$500 and upwards on an easy payment plan.

Safety, Ansonia, Conn.: Bonds of long-established and well-managed realty companies are regarded with favor, especially when based on real estate well located and growing in value. These bonds are now issued in denominations as low as \$100. If you wish to learn more of the matter communicate with New York Realty Owners, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and ask for the company's circular 18. This concern has been in business for sixteen years, and it deals in New York City real estate.

W., Montour Falls, N. Y.: The Montreal Tramway & Power Company is controlled by the Montreal Street Railway Company, which has been paying 10 per cent. dividends. The three-year 6 per cent. notes would seem to be safe. The Union Bag & Paper Company's 5 per cent. sinking fund bonds have behind them assets estimated worth five times the total of the bonds. They yield a smaller return annually than the Tramway Company's notes, but they have a much longer period to run.

Oddfellow, Columbia, S. C.: One advantage of dealing in small lots of stock is that with the same amount of money you can cover several stocks instead of one. Some speculators and investors who are able to buy large amounts of stock consider the diversifying plan a good one. If you want to look more carefully into this matter send to John Muir & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, New York City, for their circular B, "Odd Lots." It will cost you nothing if you mention Jasper.

Industrial, Vineland, N. J.: There are many industrial enterprises of merit well managed and dividend payers. Before buying their securities it is well to look into their resources and claims. Bayne, Ring & Company, bankers, 55 Wall Street, New York City, are recommending the stock issued by the E. T. Burrows Company, manufacturers of rustless wire screens, Portland, Maine. The Preferred stock pays 6 per cent. and the Common has been paying 10 per cent. for the past two years. If you will write to Bayne, Ring & Company, they will send you, without charge, their circular No. 55, which gives full information regarding this enterprise.

NEW YORK, May 2, 1912.

JASPER.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."



"I'm Ready!"

COMING — warm weather. Gone — the discomforts attending it, if you wear Loose Fitting B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers and Union Suits.

Identified By This Red Woven Label:



(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries.)

GET B. V. D. today for the first warm day. Don't be caught "off guard." There's calming comfort in the mere thought, "I'm Ready!"

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00, and \$1.50 the garment.

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A., April 30, 1907.) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, and \$5.00 the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.





Stewart

Speedometer's word is good in court

When the judge fines you more than the cost of a *Stewart*, it's too late to discover that you chose the wrong speedometer.

The *Stewart* can't tell a lie—it isn't built that way.

It represents maximum efficiency in speedometers. Other makes may cost more, not because they are better than the *Stewart*, but because their manufacturers make less of them.

You pay for all the business they don't do, when you pay more than the price of the *Stewart* Speedometer.

Four out of every five speedometers in use are *Stewarts*.

Magnetic principle, employed in 85 per cent of all speedometers, making possible the use of slow moving parts; no wear; ball and jewel bearings; beautiful workmanship; remarkably accurate; 100,000-mile season odometer; 100-mile trip register, can be set back to any tenth of a mile; positive drive; no springs; unbreakable flexible shaft; drop forged swivel joint that will outwear car; noiseless road wheel gears.

Speedometer Guaranteed for Five Years

Write for handsome 1912 catalog telling you why in our big factory we can make the best speedometer at the lowest price.

WRITE TODAY

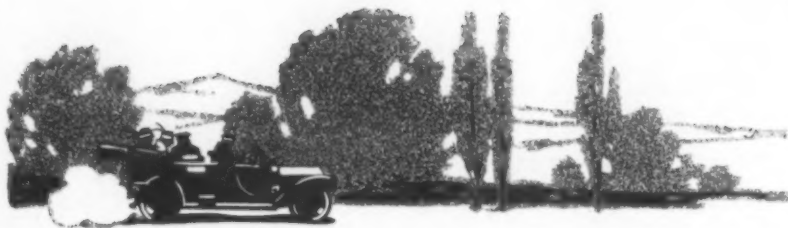
Speedometers, \$15 to \$30

Rim Wind Clock Combinations, \$45 to \$70

Stewart & Clark Mfg. Co.

1892 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

Detroit Chicago San Francisco New York Boston
Cleveland Philadelphia Kansas City Los Angeles
Minneapolis Indianapolis London Paris



Motorist's Column

Automobile Bureau

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M. E.

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks and delivery wagons, motor boats, accessories, routes or State laws can obtain it by writing to the Automobile Bureau, Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.

ONE OF the large tire manufacturers has issued a set of suggestions which, if followed, should add greatly to the serviceability of all four tires of a car. These precautions call attention to the necessity for examining the rims and for removing all rust that may have collected upon them during the previous season's use of the car. It is recommended that these rims be painted and examined to make sure that they are absolutely true and free from dents. Soapstone should be sprinkled into the casings before the tires are replaced. A useful hint embodied in these suggestions is that for extending the life of badly worn rear tires by moving these to the front of the car, where they will receive much less severe service. A frequent cause for excessive wear of a set of tires lies in a poor alignment of the axles. If either axle is twisted, the wheels will not run parallel to each other and the tire will be made to rub as well as roll on the road surface. A good method of testing the alignment of the wheels, suggested by the company in question, is to measure the width between the fellows of the two wheels directly in front of the axle and to compare this with a similar measurement made between points directly opposite. If these measurements are the same, it is evident that the wheels are perfectly parallel, and they will require no further attention in this direction. Attention is also called to the fact that it is advisable not to overload the car with additional accessories and equipments, so that the tires are forced to carry a greater weight than was formerly the case. If so much additional equipment is installed that the old tires are overloaded, larger ones should be obtained. While the initial cost of such a proceeding may be slightly high, the investment will be more than regained at the end of the season through the greater service obtained from the heavier tires.

Questions of General Interest.

CARBURETOR TROUBLE.

J. J. K., Montana, says: "The gasoline floods from my carburetor occasionally after the motor has stopped. What should cause this?"

Your carburetor "floods" because the float does not close the valve after the gasoline has reached the proper level in the chamber. This will probably be caused by a piece of dirt or other foreign matter which has become lodged on the gasoline valve seat. Try draining the gasoline from the small pet-cock in the bottom of the carburetor. I think this will probably remedy matters, as the gasoline will carry any sediment with it.

THE MISUSE OF THE CUT-OUT.

L. M. B., New York, asks: "What do I gain by the use of a cut-out on my muffler. I understand there is a great amount of agitation against it, and I would like to know under what conditions its use is permissible?"

Several municipalities have already adopted ordinances prohibiting the use of the muffler cut-out on the city streets, and it is probable that many smaller towns will soon follow their example. Such legislation has provoked a wide discussion of the merits and demerits of the much-maligned cut-out, and several interesting conclusions have been reached. Authoritative tests undertaken by competent engineers have demonstrated that a well-designed muffler offers practically no resistance to the passage of the exhaust gases, and that consequently a modern motor can be operated as efficiently and economically without noise as when its explosions are

conducted directly to the open air. Mufflers have not always been so well designed, however, and on some of the older cars the cut-out may prove a slight power-saver under certain conditions. But even in this case, the muffler will not consume over five or ten per cent. of the power, and consequently the use of the cut-out is unnecessary, except when the motor is to be taxed to its utmost. It is seldom that the full power of a motor is required in the city streets, and it is only on a steep hill or on a level stretch of road on which the driver may desire to "let her out" that the cut-out will serve any purpose other than that of attracting attention to the driver and the car.

GOOD ROADS AND GRADE REDUCTION.

H. L. J., Pa., inquires: "How steep a hill can the modern motor car climb? With all the talk of good roads, I see but little mention of grade reductions."

Although the modern automobile is a good hill climber and can negotiate grades that would daunt any other vehicle, the average motorist, in planning a tour, will search out those routes that contain the greatest mileage of level roads. Grades are generally measured by the percentage of rise. Thus, a twenty-per-cent. grade is one which rises twenty feet for every hundred feet measured in a horizontal direction. Although there may be many grades steeper than this, a twenty-per-cent. hill is an incline upon which a horse would find difficulty in pulling even a light load. The tendency of good-road building is to reduce grades as much as possible, and it is to this that much of the cost of construction may be charged. A striking example of a grade reduction is to be found on a portion of the Massachusetts State highway, in which a nineteen-per-cent. hill was changed to one having a rise of less than six and a half feet in every hundred. Such a hill is one that could be negotiated easily without "changing gears," whereas the former ascent could have been climbed by but few cars without "shifting to first."

CAUSE OF MUFFLER EXPLOSIONS.

K. L. S., Montana, states: "I have a 1906 car that has been giving splendid service. Lately, however, there will occasionally occur a violent explosion that seems to come from the muffler. This increases in frequency the longer I run the motor without a rest."

Inasmuch as your car is of the vintage of 1906, I presume it is not equipped with a magneto and that you employ two sets of dry cells for your ignition current. The fact that your car has explosions in the muffler indicates that the charge was not ignited in one or more of the cylinders at that time. Why? It is evident that the carburetor is not at fault, for the charge is explosive when it reaches the hot muffler. Consequently it would seem that your ignition system is not working properly. Your batteries may be weak—even though you put in a new set only a short time ago. This would seem to be indicated by the fact that the muffler explosions increase in frequency the longer the car is run. After an over-night rest, the batteries will have recuperated somewhat and will be able to supply sufficient current for a time. The trouble may lie in a spark plug that begins to short-circuit the current as the motor becomes heated, there may be an imperfect connection in the high-tension wiring, or the timer may need cleaning. From the symptoms, however, I am inclined to lay the trouble to weak batteries. Test each battery with a pocket ammeter and discard all that do not show an amperage of at least ten.

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A Thrilling Adventure in a Balloon

(Continued from page 538.)

bags of sand left. We had sacrificed distance (gas and sand) for altitude. The bag was flabby, with very little gas in it. The appendix line, which connects the bottom of the large gas bag to the concentrating ring, was taut.

"We ran along over hill and dale for the next half hour, varying from 400 to 1,000 feet above the earth. At times our drag rope, which was 350 feet long, would touch the tops of the trees. We had located our position, and, according to our maps, there was a railroad about fifty miles ahead, near which we intended to land. The country was becoming wilder and more barren, with only now and then a cabin in sight.

"Suddenly the appendix line broke loose, throwing the weight of the car and its load on the netting. There being so little gas in the envelope, the netting pressed in and the car suddenly dropped (held only by the netting) twenty or twenty-five feet. This alone did no harm; but in the top of the gas envelope there is a panel, about five inches wide and twenty-five feet long, known as the ripping panel, with a line running down inside the bag and attached to the concentrating ring over the car. There is supposed to be plenty of slack allowed in this line, but it had evidently been cut too short, as the elongation took up all of the slack and opened up a few feet of the ripping panel, letting out what gas was left. We dropped straight down. I would estimate the height at 500 feet. Mr. Yates and I instantly braced ourselves in a sitting position across the basket, with our feet against one side and our shoulders against the other. The last thing I remember was drawing under us a rubber air cushion, about eighteen inches wide by four feet long and three inches thick, partially inflated with air. I said, 'Jack, this may help us.' When we struck the ground, we became unconscious from shock and intense pain. I cannot describe the horrible sensation of that fall.

"A man working in the brush a couple of miles away luckily saw us and came to our aid. He pulled me out first and laid me under a tree, near some poison ivy (which caused me added discomfort a few days later). He laid Mr. Yates beside me, but Mr. Yates escaped the ivy. About a mile away was a cabin, where he got the assistance of several men, who improvised rude litters, on which we were toted to the cabin. We felt as though every bone in our bodies had been broken. We were so badly shaken up that we could not move and we suffered intensely. A doctor was called from Monroe, seven miles away. After pounding us in a manner that would make a New York specialist blush, he decided that we were not fatally injured and that no bones had been broken, though some of the muscles and ligaments in the lower part of the back were torn and strained. He ordered us to keep extremely quiet until we recovered from the shock, and one of the men was detailed to rub us with whiskey every hour, night and day.

"The cabin to which we were carried stood on a hill so thicketed that a horse had to be led to it. There were three rooms besides the kitchen, and it housed two men, two women and two children. We increased the party to eight. We were in Green County, Kentucky, the nearest telegraph and railroad being at Horse Cave, twenty-one miles over an almost impassable road. The balloon had traveled 363½ miles in about twenty-one hours. The balloon was not torn and is as good as the day it was made. After lying for three days without being able to move, faithfully rubbed by our attendant, we sat up on the fourth day and walked a few steps.

"On the night of our landing one of the men hustled across the country to a telephone outside of Glasgow, thirty miles away, and reported to the world that we had been floating around unconscious in the air for hours, that Mr. Yates was dying, and that I probably would not recover. There were startling headlines in the next morning's papers. One paper stated that we had ripped the balloon wide open 25,000 feet in the air, falling nearly five miles. The following day the Associated Press claimed to have had a dispatch saying that Mr. Yates was dead and that I was dying. When we recovered full consciousness on the morning after the accident, we both

sent wires saying that we had landed and would be home the next week. Much to our surprise, we began to receive wires from our friends throughout the country. Most of these came through the town of Glasgow and were brought over by a messenger on horseback. When Mrs. Forbes's wire came, we realized that the 'cat was out of the bag,' and so sent long night messages, giving the facts of the case. We had a stream of callers after the second day. Every man came from miles around and brought his family to see the balloonists who had failed to get properly killed. The balloon was an object of intense curiosity.

"We fretted to get away and finally decided to start homeward on Monday. I directed the packing and shipping of the *Viking*, from a pillow-cushioned chair carried by two men. One of the men rigged up a support made of two uprights and a wooden cross-piece, which he nailed to the wagon in front of the seat. On this we rested our arms, in order to take up the strain from our backs and lower limbs. Then we started and bumped along for six hours, behind a pair of mules. At about two o'clock in the afternoon we drove into the town of Horse Cave, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The entire population turned out to greet us. We were offered the best and softest beds in town and were made as comfortable as possible during the two hours' wait for the train which carried us to Louisville."

Making Public Opinion.

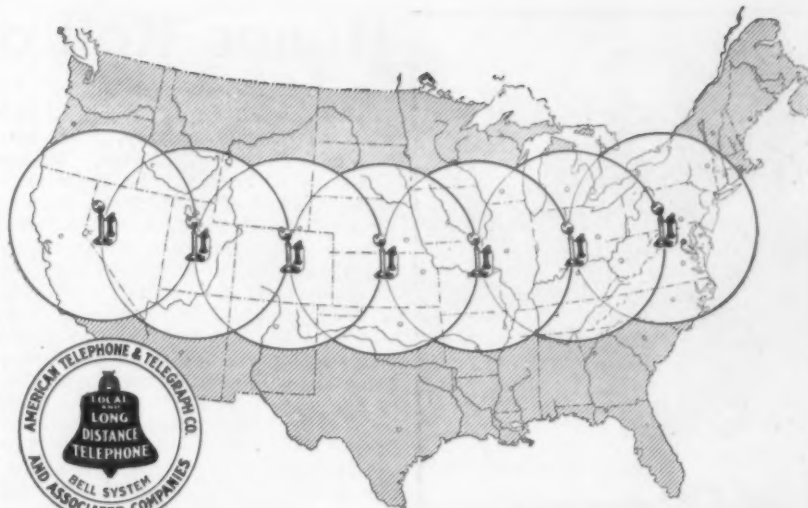
WHO MAKES public opinion? The press. Who makes the press? That answer we leave to our readers. Such is the record of some newspapers and their owners, that the least said about it, the better.

In molding public opinion, evil is quite as potent as good suggestion. It is idle to say that yellow journals do not exert a great influence over their readers. No one can read a newspaper day after day without being affected by it. Because of the wide audience it gives them, some good men write regularly for the yellow journals, and this fact blinds many people to the sensational character of the rest of the paper. In an address on "The Press and Moral Reforms," before the Sixth International Purity Congress, at Columbus, O., Dr. T. Albert Moore, vice-president of the World's Purity Federation, brought out the power of such a press for evil. "What cares the yellow journal," said Dr. Moore, "for the home, the school, the church, the city, the nation? Cash is that for which it lives. The yellow journal is false to fact, a lie to life, an unfair and distorted record of events, a curse to the community, and at once a mighty influence against righteousness and a consummate instrument for unrighteousness. A pure home might better be without any newspaper than the yellow journal."

This is the kind of journalism that is helping to create widespread discontent with established institutions. Men may talk about the great editors of fifty years ago; the press as a whole was never so powerful as it is to-day. A hundred copies of a paper are now read where one was read a half century ago. Public sentiment is created not only by the editorial page, but by every startling headline in the sensational news column, the distorted record of daily happenings, the general spirit that manifests itself throughout a newspaper. If public opinion is made by the press, then it is vitally essential to the common welfare that the press should be in responsible hands—the hands of men who hold as a sacred trust the power they wield for the good or ill of society. Such papers would be money-makers, although it will take time to educate the public.

What better use could some of our millionaires make of their money than to endow a decent press? Upon the ill-starred New Theater, some of New York's wealthy men sunk \$3,000,000 and lost \$400,000 in two seasons. Suppose the money invested in this unsuccessful project had been put into the establishment of a chain of strong newspapers—not the personal organs of individuals nor the advocates of any class, not special pleaders for capital any more than for labor; but papers fearlessly seeking the truth in all things and sanely discussing every public question.

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"See America First"

**GREAT
NORTHERN
RAILWAY**

National Park Route

Honor Roll of the Birdmen

(Continued from page 535.)

created a world's speed record of 49.9 miles an hour in January, 1909, that held until the end of the year. Roland G. Garros, of France, holds the world's altitude record of 13,943 feet. He was second in the Paris-Madrid, the Paris-Rome and the European circuit races. Jacques Pischoff, of France, is a pioneer European aviator who built a machine in 1907 that did fairly successful work and was further developed in 1908. Harry N. Atwood is the American who broke all existing cross-country records by flying from St. Louis to New York in August, 1911. Rene Simon, of France, was the speed champion of 1910 and the leading exhibition flyer of Europe and the United States. His exploits were so daring that he is known as "the fool flyer."

Comte Jacques de Lesseps, of France, was the first aviator to fly a monoplane successfully in America. He is the winner of many speed and altitude competitions. Pierre Vedrines, another Frenchman, enjoys note as winner of the Paris-Madrid race and as second to Lieutenant Conneau in the around-Britain race. He is also holder of the world's present speed record—104 miles an hour—and once flew from Paris to Angoulême, 275 miles, without a stop, at the rate of 75.6 miles an hour, while flying from Donai, France, to Madrid, on April 29, Vedrines's machine was struck by a railway train. His skull was fractured.

Charles T. Weymann, American, was the winner of the Gordon Bennett international cup of 1911. Jacques Loridan, also a Frenchman, created the world's duration record for 1911, flying for eleven hours and forty-five minutes without a stop. Leon Breguet, of France, was the first aeroplane builder and pilot to fly with twelve passengers. Hubert Latham, of France, was once holder of the world's altitude record and is the only man who has ever successfully flown the Antoinette monoplane. He made three unsuccessful attempts to fly the English Channel, once in competition with Bleriot, who succeeded, and once with John B. Moisant, who also succeeded, carrying a passenger.

Claude Grahame-White, Englishman, was winner of the Gordon Bennett international cup at Belmont Park, October 29th, 1910. Eugene Ely, American, now dead, was the first man to fly from a warship and the first also to land on a warship's deck. Jules Gilbert, of France, was the crack cross-country pilot of 1910 and 1911. Lieutenant Henri Menard, of the French army, was the champion passenger-carrying, cross-country pilot of 1911. J. A. D. McCurdy, of Canada, flew from Key West to within twenty miles of Havana, making the first long cross-sea aeroplane flight. Hon. Charles Stuart Rolls, an Englishman now dead, was the first man to fly from England to France and back. Charles K. Hamilton is a native American who flew from New York to Philadelphia and return, on June 13th, 1910, setting a world's record.

Louis Paulhan was the first French airman actually to fly in the United States. He won the \$50,000 London-Manchester prize and was once holder of the world's altitude record. Santos Dumont, Brazilian by birth and Frenchman by residence, invented the Demoiselle, the smallest and trickiest of aeroplanes, and was the pioneer aviator in Europe both with dirigible and heavier-than-air machines. St. Croix Johnstone is seen in an aeroplane, talking to John J. Frisbie. Both are now dead. Johnstone held the American duration record of four hours and two minutes without a stop, and Frisbie was a pioneer American aeronaut. Raoul Legagneux, of France, was once the world's altitude record holder, but has since devoted his efforts to speed. He is holder of the world's duration non-stop record of 1910, and that year won the Michelin cup. Roger Sommer, also a Frenchman, won distinction by flying with seven passengers for an hour and thirty-one minutes. Thomas A. Baldwin, American, is dean of the world's aviation fraternity. He learned to fly an aeroplane when fifty-eight years of age and was the first aviator to give aeroplane exhibitions in China and Japan.

The last picture on the page showing noted aviators is that of Miss Harriet Quimby, of the staff of LESLIE'S

WEEKLY, whose remarkable feat of flying across the English Channel from Dover to a point near Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, on April 16th, was flashed over the world and recorded in this journal last week. Miss Quimby's feat marked the first passage of the channel by a woman aviator.

The increasing frequency of accidents to daring flyers has startled the public, and it has also impressed aviators with the necessity for taking measures to minimize the possibility of fatalities. The first to move in this matter is Walter Brookins, who introduced such thrilling aerial feats as "the spiral glide," "the ocean roll" and "the dip of death." Unhappily, this latest sensation in air feats has had too many actual illustrations recently. Mr. Brookins recently called a number of aviators together at the Hotel Manhattan, New York, and the result was the formation of the Safe and Sane Club. One of the pledges of this club is an avoidance of the dangerous aerial tricks which have caused the death of many noted flyers, and the influence of members will be exerted on others of their calling to eliminate dangerous practices in the air.

From the first expert demonstrations with aeroplanes, it has been plain that the witnessing public has demanded the most difficult air feats, with no regard for the consequent danger to the performers of those feats. And thrilling fatalities have been followed by mob-like rushes of spectators for "souvenirs" of these events that have inspired wonder as to whether this really is a civilized age.

The tragic record of the sport should make the effort to limit it to legitimate effort successful. One hundred and forty-seven adventurous airmen have met death, and many have been injured. There were ninety-nine fatalities in 1911, and eight deaths have occurred thus far in 1912. In addition to the killed in 1911, two hundred were injured, and the great number of comparatively recent fatalities has induced many exhibition flyers to withdraw from the sport.

Louis Bleriot, air pilot, designer and builder of monoplanes, has condemned his own machine, as well as other monoplanes, for fatal structural weakness. His report led to an order by the French war minister, suspending all military flights in monoplanes and sending to the workshops all the French army machines of this type, to be retrussed above the wings, so as to support top loading or air pressure from above in certain positions. M. Bleriot's discovery was the outcome of an investigation following the fourth fatal accident due to collapse of machines while making volplanes, despite progressive re-enforcements of the spars and framework of the planes.

In the disaster that caused the death of M. Chavez after he had crossed the Alps, witnesses actually saw the wings fold down beneath his machine. When this was first described, it was thought to have been an optical illusion; but evidence of a similar collapse appeared in the wrecks of Lieutenants Lauehaume's and Sevelle's monoplanes. The guy wires above the wings of these machines were found to have snapped, and then it was that Bleriot realized how the momentum of an aeroplane flying in a straight line and made suddenly to descend by a volplane would reverse the loading on the wings. It is necessary, Bleriot says, to test monoplanes with a top loading on the wings, so as to obtain a system of upper bracing that will be of corresponding strength to the lower bracing now in use.

LESLIE'S PRESIDENTIAL VOTING CONTEST

(See page 532)

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How Summer Tourists Spend \$200,000,000

By SERENO S. PRATT

THE United States is one of the world's great sources of food supply, and it is also a large producer of tobacco; and yet if one adds to the amount of money which the rest of the world paid to us in 1910 for wheat, for flour, for corn and for other breadstuffs the amount it paid to us for our tobacco, the total is less than the sum which American travelers expended in various countries abroad over the amount expended by foreign tourists in the United States.

The American tourist is, therefore, a factor in a large financial problem. He figures in the determination of "the balance of trade," which fixes the ability of one country to draw supplies of gold from other countries. He is an influence in the money market; and as the American is a great traveler and a prodigal spender, that influence is an important one.

During 1910, no less than 244,000 American citizens traveled abroad, outnumbering by 87,000 the foreigners (other than immigrants) who for pleasure or business visited the United States. The amount expended by these tourists can be estimated only approximately, for there are no government statistics covering the subject; and when the Monetary Commission, of which ex-Senator Aldrich is chairman, wanted to obtain an estimate, it had to go to England for a financial statistician, George Paish, of the London *Statist*, to figure on one.

The problem that confronted Mr. Paish was to compute the amount of "the invisible items" in the international exchanges of the United States. As every one knows, so far as the movement of merchandise is concerned, this country's exports are vastly in excess of its imports. The balance of trade is, therefore, greatly in our favor. Indeed, if there were no other items in the international exchanges, the United States would in a few years drain Europe of its gold supplies, in order to pay for our cotton, wheat, oil and other products.

But, as a matter of fact, the amount that Europe has to pay us in exchange balances is comparatively small; and sometimes, indeed, we are Europe's debtor on the year's movement. Now, why is this? Because we have to pay Europe a large sum annually—estimated by Mr. Paish as high as nearly \$600,000,000—for other things than merchandise, among these other things being the interest on foreign capital invested in the United States (a big item), the payments made for the transportation of products in foreign vessels (we have practically no merchant marine in the foreign commerce), and the sums expended by Americans traveling in foreign countries over the sums expended by foreign tourists in the United States.

The last item makes the imposing total of \$170,000,000 net. If you divide that by 87,000, which is the excess number of American tourists abroad over the foreign tourists in the United States, you have about \$2,000 as the average amount spent by each tourist; and if that is a fair average—and it seems too big—then the 244,000 Americans traveling abroad in 1910 must have spent about \$488,000,000, which is nearly equal to what the rest of the world paid for our cotton. But, so far as the balance-of-trade question is concerned, the net sum of \$170,000,000 estimated by Mr. Paish is the important thing.

It would be absurd to claim that all this money expended by American tourists abroad is waste. On the contrary, it probably represents full value received. One of the best assets which a country can possess is a large body of citizens who, by actual travel abroad, know something of the habits, customs, government and trade of other nations. Foreign travel not only promotes our national knowledge and culture, but it also promotes international good-will and peace.

But it may fairly be questioned whether a part of the vast sum which our people are yearly spending abroad might not be more usefully spent in travel at home. During a tour last summer in the American and Canadian Rockies, along the Pacific coast and in Yellowstone Park, I was surprised to see so many foreign names recorded in the hotel registers, and so comparatively few names of American citizens whose homes are in the East. It is a good thing to know the world, but it is a better thing to know one's own country, and to know it first.

Universal High Prices.

THE MORE the high cost of living is studied, the more it appears to be a world-wide condition, only partially the result of local factors. At the suggestion of President Taft, an investigation into the cost of living in Europe was made by the State Department through our consular officers. Free-trade England feels the advance in prices quite as much as protective Germany, and France and Holland tell the same story. The report, with its figures showing the relative advance in wages and in prices of staple food products for the past twelve years in the principal countries of Europe, throws much light on our own problem. Anything that proves the cost of living to be affecting alike countries with free trade or protection, those with trusts and those without, is not welcome just now to the demagogue who wants to make political capital out of tariff and trusts.

One feature of the report is an extensive study of the English co-operative societies, which seek to solve for individual consumers the question of cheap production and distribution. These societies now cover practically every field of manufacture and distribution and pay to their members a dividend of nine per cent. Such organizations cheapen the cost of living to their own members, but this does not present a solution of the problem, which is fundamental, and the introduction of the system here would not lessen the cost of living for the masses.

The report was submitted to Congress in connection with President Taft's recent suggestion that the United States initiate an international commission to investigate the causes of high prices and to suggest possible remedies. Since the condition is international in the distress it is producing, such an inquiry is the only way to get all the facts.

Eat More Cheese.

THE POPULAR idea that cheese is not easily or thoroughly digestible is a delusion. Investigations by the experiment station experts of the Department of Agriculture prove that cheese ranks with other staple food products in the thoroughness with which it may be digested, and that it is quite as easily digested as a comparable amount of meat. Cheese is used in small quantities chiefly for its flavor, and in large quantities for its nutritive value as well as for its flavor. Compared analytically with many of our common foods, our American or standard factory cheese ranks exceedingly high. It contains nearly twice as much protein, weight for weight, as beef of average composition, and its full value is more than twice as great. It excels beef, eggs, milk, bread, potatoes and apples in percentage of fat and in fuel value, and all of these but dried beef in protein.

Being so rich in both protein and fat, cheese should logically displace, whenever desirable, such foods as meat, fish and eggs; and herein lies its advantage to the housekeeper who is ambitious to set a nourishing table at small cost. It is at this point that the researches of the Department of Agriculture are of great value. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for Farmers' Bulletin 487, "Cheese and Its Economical Uses in the Diet," and you will receive a most valuable pamphlet, containing many recipes and describing cheese of all varieties. The part dealing with "cheese dishes which may serve as meat" is of particular interest, as the average housewife knows very little as yet about this use of one of our great American staples.



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"That kind of a suit, made of American Woolen Company's Puritan Serge."

Here is a young man with an eye to style. He knows that style depends as much on the fabric as on the making. He chooses the quality of the cloth,—the makers who stand back of the cloth,—as well as the color and the cut.

Puritan 1620 Serge has that inimitable look and feel and draping quality that mark the true style fabric.

It is a beautiful shade, an unusual blue,—you'll like it as soon as you see it. It is pure wool, through and through,—and honestly made. That's why it serves its time in a suit and still keeps that smart, thoroughbred appearance.

PURITAN SERGE 1620

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Your tailor can show you Puritan 1620 Serge

It is used also by manufacturers of high-grade ready-to-wear clothing; sold by good clothing stores in nearly every city and town. The name Puritan 1620 Serge is stamped on the back of the cloth. If unable to obtain Puritan Serge, send us the name of your clothier or tailor, with money order or check for quantity required at \$3.00 per yard (3½ yards for man's suit), and you will be supplied through regular channels, as we do not sell at retail.

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Magnificent Steel Launch \$96

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18-20-23 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. The Safe Launch—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no ballast. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed sterns. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, \$20. MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1329 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. (63)

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16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 29 and 35 footers at proportionate prices. Including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers.

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Advertising of Advertising----

Everybody is talking about it, but Leslie's Weekly and Judge are doing it.

(See next page.)

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These Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back

D245. A good, serviceable white pique is employed in this pretty sailor dress. Broad collar and cuffs of cadet blue line, with "Madeira" embroidery. Front smartly designed in side effect and crosses with combination buttons. Modish empire skirt trimmed to match. \$2.98 quality for \$2.45.
(Ladies' sizes 34 to 44 bust. Misses' 12 to 18 years. Postage 25c.)

White Pique Dress \$2.45

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It's brimful of Charming New Styles and Convincing Money-Saving Specials. You'll be delighted. Send NOW Free Copy for Your



D279. Dainty embroidery dress of fine, serviceable, all-over Swiss embroidery. Tastefully styled with inserts and Val. Girdle of inserts and the gracefully fitting skirt has a deep, beautiful embroidery source headed with inserts. Good \$4.00 quality. \$2.79 Special.
(Ladies' sizes 34 to 44 bust. Misses' 12 to 18 years. Postage 25c.)



D199. Dainty dress of a very nice French percale in cadet blue, tan or pink. Bodice handsomely embroidered in attractive Madeira figures and finished with scalloped embroidery. Empire skirt piped and button-trimmed. Back in back. Splendid quality, becomingly styled and carefully made. Retail at \$3.00. \$1.99 Special.
(Ladies' sizes 34 to 44 bust. Misses' 12 to 18 years. Postage 25c.)

STANDARD MAIL ORDER Co. 261 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

Of Especial Interest to Women

MOTHER'S PIES.

Gone are the pie makers of other days, at least in town and city, where the bakery is on every hand. No longer can the newly-wed head of the house speak of the "kind mother used to make," because mother doesn't make them any more. It may be debatable as to whether it be cheaper to make or buy bread, but there can be no doubt that home-made pies and cake cost only about one-half as much as those bought in the bakery. Not only are they more economical, they are better, too. A family accustomed to home-made pies and cake would never be satisfied with those made by the baker. The housewife who rushes to the store to buy everything needed for her table is educating her family in extravagant habits, besides depriving them of the home flavor in cooking which, if not the highest, used to be one satisfaction, at least, in having a home.

BABY PRIZES AT STATE FAIR.

"How much, then, is a man of more value than a sheep?" says the Scripture. How much, then, is a baby of more value than a pig? says Iowa's board of agriculture. A prize of \$50 will be offered for the best baby at the next State fair, while the pig, which has heretofore had right of way, will be able to draw only \$25. Back of the innovation are the Iowa mothers' clubs, which have become interested in making the Iowa baby a perfect physical specimen of his kind. We have here a local manifestation of a campaign, fostered by the National Congress of Mothers, which is to extend into every State and every community of the land. "We want better babies!" is the slogan of the movement, and it will be sounded at lectures, discussions, luncheons and circles. A million-dollar fund is to be raised, and, by enlisting women's organizations of every sort in the cause, it is expected to reach every locality. Better babies will make necessary better fathers and mothers and will result in a better human race.

AVOIDING CHILDREN'S DISEASES.

The old theory that all children had to have certain diseases and that they might as well be exposed to them, so as to "get it all over," has been exploded. Diseases which have been looked upon as so innocent have wrought much more havoc in recent years than the much-dreaded smallpox. New York, in 1910, had 18,924 reported cases of measles, with 785 deaths; 35,374 cases of scarlet fever, with 953 deaths; 16,940 cases of diphtheria, with 1,715 deaths, and 2,018 cases of whooping cough, with 461 deaths. Note the remarkably high death rate for whooping cough, which only a few years ago was looked upon as a simple child's disease which it was supposed every child had to have. "Whooping cough," said Dr. R. S. Haynes, at the New York Academy of Medicine, "killed more babies under one year old than any other disease." In its early stages whooping cough is very contagious, and the unique proposition is made by Dr. Haynes that every child so afflicted should be compelled to wear a "whooping-cough ribbon" on the shoulder, for the protection of those who have never had the disease. The suggestion is valuable, for no other disease of childhood is treated so carelessly.

A BOUNTY FOR EVERY CHILD.

The movement started by the Susan B. Anthony Club, of Cincinnati, O., to insure from \$500 to \$1,000 to all mothers who raise a child, may attract wide attention, but will hardly commend itself to thoughtful people as a practicable scheme. "A slave was worth that much, so why should not a mother, after twenty-one years of privation and service, receive some recognition from the State?" said Dr. Sarah Siemers, president of the club, who originated the plan. "Children are the greatest asset that the country possesses and the mother gives

them freely. Everything else has to be paid for in hard coin." Putting it on that basis, \$1,000 does not begin to represent the value to the State of a good citizen. On the other hand, should a child belong to the defective or criminal class, the tax it lays upon the State would be many times the amount of the bounty named. Is it proposed that the State should pay mothers for bringing such children into the world? There are occasions, however, when a provision of this sort might be profitably applicable. A widow, for example, may be left with several children, with no adequate financial resources for their upbringing. Often she has to place them in an institution. For the sake of the discussion, it matters not whether this be a public institution supported by the State or a church home; in either case the money comes from the people. In such situations it would seem to be economy for the State to give assistance to the mother, in order that she might keep her children, maintain her home and give her offspring the benefit of a mother's love and training. But even this is largely theoretical as yet, and is far removed in any event from the other proposition to give all mothers a bounty for every child they raise.

THE HOUSEWIVES' LEAGUE.

Certain features of the high cost of living can be better met by housewives than by any other class. They, more than any one else, appreciate every penny's advance in the price of household necessities, and it is strange they have not before taken a hand in relieving an acute situation. The slogan of the Housewives' League, just organized in New York, is, "Every housewife her own food inspector." The rules which all members are pledged to observe we print in full, since every woman everywhere may follow them.

To insist upon full weights and measures.
To insist upon cleanliness in the handling of food.
To protest against the exposure of all food to contamination from dirt, flies or other infection and to refuse to purchase such food.
To read carefully all labels on canned and bottled goods and to report any violation of the pure food and drug act.
To make personal investigation into the sanitary condition of their markets, grocery, dairy, bakery, laundry, delicatessen and confectionery stores.
To refuse to purchase cold storage food which has been held to the detriment of condition or advancement of price.

"Housewives must be economical, not extravagant," says Mrs. Jennie Dewey Heath, president of the league. "When she orders chops and asks the butcher to trim them, she must not be ashamed to ask that the trimmings be wrapped up with the chops. She can use them as well as he and should use them." Careful marketing and the elimination of wastefulness in preparing and serving food will make perceptible inroads upon the weekly grocer and butcher bills.

COMRADESHIP OF FATHER AND SON.

If the rising generation shows a lack of training and high moral standard, as some seem to think, it is not due altogether to the mothers of to-day. There is a demand in the man's world for boys who bear the stamp of good training in the home. Most of this, of course, has fallen on the shoulders of the mothers. But may not the fathers help to bear the burden of the training of youth? Daughters rightly and naturally look to mothers for guidance, and it is equally true that boys also in their earlier years are nearer to their mothers, and that upon the mother will rest the main responsibility for their training. When, however, the boy begins to become a man, he needs the intimate companionship and strong hand of his father. Gradually the boy grows away from his mother. He is not able to explain the change, nor does the mother, as a rule, understand the reason for it. Home training weakens when the adolescent boy grows away from his mother and fails to find in his father one to whom he may naturally turn for comradeship and help. John L. Alexander, widely experienced in the boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. and in the Boy Scout movement, tells of fathers as far removed from their sons at this age as though they were perfect strangers. Let fathers do their share in training children.

Advertising o. Advertising—A Series of Weekly Talks—No. 19



A Tell-tale Trade-mark

The publisher of one of the ten greatest newspapers in this country took his family abroad one Summer, soon after they reached the millionaire class.

The shops were perfectly fascinating to them. They reveled in antiques.

Just as they were about to start for home, they spied a somewhat worn, but very elegant bed. It was simple and graceful—French in every line.

It was not represented as an antique, but their fancy had full sway. They were sure that it must have belonged to royalty. So they bought it, and over it came.

When it was unpacked, it was somewhat damaged. A local cabinet maker was engaged to repair it.

Once in the cabinet maker's shop, he too found it hard to pass without an admiring glance. When he thought of its history—well, do we not all have our weaknesses?

Royalty!

He thought it over many times. He set to work and what do you suppose happened?

There, on the under side of the footboard, as plain as the nose on your face, was—was—oh, it is cruel to tell it—the trade-mark of a well known American advertiser—the maker of the bed. It was truly a symbol of quality.

Allan C. Hoffman

Picture Offer—An attractive picture, suitable for framing, will be sent, postage paid, to each person who furnishes the information called for in the coupon.

Coupon

ALLAN C. HOFFMAN, Advertising Director,

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, 925 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I will give you a list of advertised goods used daily in my home. You are to supply a blank form and send me a picture suitable for framing.

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Les. 5-9-12

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

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Outing Togs for Outdoor Girls

The latest models for boating, tennis, golf, fishing, hunting and riding,
photographed expressly for Leslie's Weekly



Striped linen sailor suit for canoeing or beach wear.



Racquet blouse, linen, crash linen skirt, blue collar and cuffs.



Riding habit of khaki, the throat fastening and single breasted effect new.



Melton cloth riding habit, worn with high boots and breeches.



Middy suit of khaki linen, a red tie giving a touch of color.



Riding coat of cosmos mixture on extreme raglan lines.



Coat sweater with huge revers of green, green worsted buttons.



Corduroy hunting suit with divided skirt, suitable for mountain climbing.



Cross saddle habit of checked mohair, with effective accessories.



Golf suit, red blazer coat, black and white checked mohair skirt, puttees worn over buttoned boots.

PHOTOS JOEL FREDER

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Our Average Profit is 8½%

When one maker of anything outsells every rival reaches the topmost place—it is well to know the reason why.

It means that more people approve his creation than anything else of its kind.

It means that the maker, in some way, has accomplished what others haven't.

And the chances are you would join the majority, knowing what they know.

When the article in question involves big yearly expense, the facts are worth looking up.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires now hold the topmost place. They far outsell all rivals.

In the past 24 months the demand has increased by over 500 per cent.

Over one million of these tires have been tested, on some 200,000 cars.

The demand today—after all that experience—is three times larger than one year ago.

That astounding record—rarely excelled in all the history of business—marks a tire, Mr. Motorist, which you ought to know.

Ten Years Spent Getting Ready

The success of this tire is a sudden sensation. But we began to perfect it 13 years ago.

We started with the idea that he who gives most will get most.

So we surrounded ourselves with experts—the ablest men we could find. And we told them to secure the **maximum mileage**, without any regard to expense.

It was years before we approached tire perfection. It was **ten years** from the start before tire buyers realized what the Goodyear concern had done. Then came this avalanche of trade.

Mileage Tests

To learn facts quickly we did two things.

We put Goodyear tires on thousands of taxicabs—where mileage is known, where conditions are arduous, where comparisons are quickly made.

And we built in our shops a tire testing machine. There four tires at a time are constantly worn out, under all road conditions, while meters record the mileage.

Thus we compared every fabric and formula, every grade of material,

every method of wrapping and vulcanizing.

Thus every idea which our experts developed was put to the mileage test. Thus rival tires were compared with our own.

Thus year after year Goodyear tires were made better. In the course of time we got close to finality.

Rim-Cutting Ended

Then we found a way to end rim-cutting—a method controlled by our patents.

We examined thousands of ruined old-type tires, and we found that 23 per cent had been rim-cut. By end-

ing this trouble—at vast expense—we saved that 23 per cent.

In seven years' experience with No-Rim-Cut tires there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

Adding 25 Per Cent to the Mileage

Then we found that extras added to cars were overloading tires.

So we made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size.

That meant 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

With these tires of maximum quality—made oversize, made so they can't rim-cut—we met the prices of other standard tires.

Average Profit 8½%

Last year our average profit on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8 1-2%.

Every penny we got, save a profit of 8 1-2%, went into size and quality.

That in a factory with the largest output and most modern equipment ever known in this industry.

That in a risky business, with fluctuating materials, on a tire that's guaranteed.

You will never get more for your money—more mileage per dollar spent—than in Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires. That must be apparent to you.

The proof of that fact has brought 200,000 motorists to the use of these premier tires.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

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